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## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

WE do not find, on a first glance at the broad statements addressed to the world in Mr. JOHNSON'S Message, that it contains any very strong denunciations or fiery rhetoric, which is satisfactory. Its tone seems to be studiously pitched in a low key. It will be curious if American statesmen have learned, in the presence of real difficulties, to be moderate in language; and, as far as we can at present see, England has, almost for the first time, not been insulted even for party purposes, because there do exist grave inducements in America, if not to suspect, at least to misunderstand, us. The substance of the Message had been to a great extent anticipated by the rumours detailed by the correspondents of the daily papers, and everybody knew that the sensational element would not be conspicuous in President JOHNSON'S utterances. What his policy has been, his speech is; he tells nothing that we did not know, and he announces only what every one was certain that he must announce.

Following precedents from which he could scarcely deviate, Mr. JOHNSON divides his Message into a discussion of the domestic and foreign concerns of the Union. Reconstruction stands in the van, and it is treated with something of that safe platitude in which we are all, once a week, exhorted to be virtuous. The seceding States are to be invited and welcomed, and the past is to be forgotten. But the future is not to be the past. The right to secede is to be negatived, and the institution of slavery to be prohibited. These are the conditions on which reconstruction is to proceed; but at present we are not very clearly told by what process the existing Constitution of the United States is to be remodelled, or whether Congress will be invited formally to abrogate the separate existence of the States. A safe and obscure reference is made to the State prisoners charged with treason; but serious apprehensions as to the life of Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS may be dismissed when his successful rival simply announces that treason is a crime which ought to be punished.

The reduction of the military and naval forces promised by the PRESIDENT is likely to be less illusory than some European promises in the same direction. Possibly the moderation indicated in this wholesale disbandment may not amount to much. Soldiering, except when there is an enemy in the field, is not the most profitable investment for Yankee industry; and it is likely enough that most of the regiments lately engaged in the field would in any case have disbanded themselves. Reconstructed America stints itself to a standing army of 50,000 men, capable of expansion—we suppose, by skeleton regiments—to 82,000; and if this estimate is not addressed to Wall Street, it shows that the apprehensions entertained of negro insubordination in the Southern States, and of the necessity of keeping negroes in check by a regular army, are not entertained at Washington. More than three-fourths of the navy disappear; and, in the course of nature, a few months would have seen the end of those extemporized tubs and rafts which are dignified, beyond the Atlantic, with the name of war-vessels. A paper fleet can easily be reduced, and when we remember the unrebuked audacity of the *Alabama* and *Shenandoah*, cynics may hint that the American navy on a peace establishment cannot be more formidable to the world than on its war-footing. In his reference to the difficult matter of finance, though Mr. JOHNSON is cautious, he distinctly suggests the policy of funding, and he anticipates the absorption of the debt in thirty years.

When we come to the more interesting paragraphs—more interesting at least on this side of the ocean—we seem to be listening only to a faint and subdued echo of Mr. SEWARD'S letters to Earl RUSSELL. The

topics, and even the phraseology, are much the same; and if Congress does not complain of being served with cold cabbage, we need not be very indignant that once more we listen to the complaints with which we are so familiar. It would be well for us all if American statesmen had never committed any worse wrong against England than that of being tedious. And it must be remembered that though we have heard all this before, Congress has had no official knowledge of all our unkindness and precipitancy, and of the unprecedented nature of the act which admitted the Confederates to belligerent rights. It was therefore inevitable that the Message of the PRESIDENT should to some extent reproduce the unpleasant topics already dwelt upon in the despatches of the SECRETARY OF STATE. But, to do him justice, Mr. JOHNSON studiously avoids all that could provoke needless irritation between the two countries. He could not say less than he has done, for Mr. SEWARD has already committed himself to the same line; but he might have availed himself of the example of more than one of his predecessors by saying a great deal more. Bunkum, however, for once, does not sound in high places; and as everybody, both in England and the United States, knows how a reference to arbitration was, in a sense, offered from Washington, and to what extent it was declined in London, we learn with satisfaction that, while America retains, as she has a right to do, a grievance, she "does not present the subject as an impeachment of good faith on the part of a Power professing the most friendly dispositions." In that limbo of diplomacy to which common sense—which means a sense of common interests—has consigned so many national quarrels, we can well afford to allow the claims for compensation to go smouldering on, even at the risk of the ashes of a dying dispute being kindled by the occasional exigencies of American party warfare. Mr. JOHNSON'S words are here distinctly reassuring as to the future. "I do not advise any present attempt at redress by the Legislature. The future friendship of the two countries must rest on the basis of mutual justice." With this safe and moderate and even conciliatory language used with reference to this country, it was not to be supposed that Mr. JOHNSON had reserved any vitriol for France. When, a week or so ago, it was announced that the Message would strongly enforce the MONROE doctrine, it began to be asked in England, whether the MONROE doctrine had, after all, much, if anything, to do with the French intervention in Mexico. However, we are reassured. MAXIMILIAN has not received notice to quit; nor is the Emperor NAPOLEON menaced for his assistance in the pacification of Mexico. President JOHNSON contents himself with an assertion, which is certainly inoffensive enough, that he will always be prepared to leave it open for consideration whether occasion might not arise to "defend Republicanism against foreign interference." There is safety, and good sense too, in abstract propositions when judiciously enounced; and we trust that when a European Holy Alliance really sends an armada to put down all the American Republics, Mr. JOHNSON and his countrymen will fall back upon their prudent assertion of their present duties and contingent responsibilities.

On the whole, we note with satisfaction the possible commencement of a new era in American statesmanship, certainly in American State-papers. Moralists tell us that trouble, and the sad experiences of life, smooth the temper and soften the manners. It may be with nations as with men. Bishop BUTLER thought that a whole nation could go mad together. We gladly believe that a great people can become temperate, moderate, and just.

## JAMAICA.

THE latest intelligence from Jamaica proves that the frightened colonists are recovering their senses. The Assembly hesitates to abolish the Constitution because a riot has taken place in a corner of the island, and the Government measure, after receiving various amendments, will probably be defeated on the arrival of news from England. The extravagant proposal of disabling measures against Dissenters has been summarily rejected. No more executions or trials by martial law are reported, and it is said that peace has been everywhere re-established. There is perhaps a white minority which is recovering from its surprise, and it is no longer dangerous to question the proceedings of the Government. The GOVERNOR, and the members of the Assembly, will probably hear with astonishment the impression which their proceedings have made on public opinion at home. Timeservers will be eager to disclaim complicity with the vigorous measures which they lately applauded; and the civil and military officers who are responsible for the acts perpetrated under colour of martial law will find their complacency shaken. If the ATTORNEY-GENERAL of Jamaica really sat as Captain of Militia on a Court-Martial, he will reflect that he would have been better employed in providing the GOVERNOR with legal advice. In the meantime, it is possible that the tide of feeling, if not of opinion, may turn in England.

The preachers, the philanthropists, and the professional agitators are doing their utmost to disgust all prudent and sensible persons with the cause of their black clients in Jamaica. The unwieldy deputation which waited on Mr. CARDWELL displayed, among other characteristic qualities, a good-breeding which is peculiar to the intolerant professors of benevolence. A Minister who had listened patiently to half an hour's minute dictation from a volunteer adviser with a Polish name might reasonably expect a hearing when he commenced the answer which the deputation came to demand. As soon, however, as Mr. CARDWELL expressed an opinion that Mr. EYRE deserved some consideration, he was interrupted by his courteous audience with cries of "Question," as if he had been wantonly trifling with their patience. For many years the friends of the blacks have not had so plausible an excuse for denouncing the hostile European race; but Exeter Hall is so little in the habit of listening to evidence, that its organs prefer intolerant declamation and calumnious violence even to fair victory in argument. There can be no object in extreme hurry, unless it is thought desirable to anticipate the corrective or palliative tendency of fuller information. Exaggerated rhetoric can only alienate the sympathies of those who, desiring to be just, would nevertheless regret the necessity of censuring high officers who may have erred in times of panic or excitement. If the Baptist ministers were wise, they would wait in the background for their expected triumph over their adversaries. It by no means follows that, if the Jamaica outbreak was suppressed with undue rigour, the teachers of the negroes are blameless for the disaffection which terrified the white inhabitants of the island. Politicians who are determined to maintain the honour of the Crown and the rights of the subject are not at leisure to inquire whether a missionary, who was notorious thirty or forty years ago, was a rebel or a hero. Mr. EYRE has, perhaps hastily, accused Mr. KNIBB's successors in the present day of encouraging disloyalty among the coloured population. The representatives of the sect in England have alternately repudiated Mr. GORDON's connection with their body and inclined to adopt him as a martyr; but at present the conductors of the agitation seem to have settled down into a belief that "he was condemned to a bloody death for 'loving the people too well.'" One imprudent enthusiast read to the Exeter Hall meeting a letter in which GORDON charged the GOVERNOR of Jamaica with applying a sum of public money to the purchase of a piano for his wife. The publication of a vulgar and impudent libel is no excuse for hanging a man by the judgment either of a civil or a military court; but the letter gives colour to the charge that GORDON was a mischievous demagogue, and the indiscriminating admirers of his conduct bear a portion of the discredit. The Polish gentleman who kindly superintends English philanthropy exhibited the bad taste of his school in a more harmless form when he read an absurd telegraphic despatch about a brilliant anti-slavery meeting, supposed to have been held at Madrid. "Large attendance of ladies." "Deeply affected. First tears shed in Spain for the negro.

"Victory gained. God be praised." The first tears shed in Spain for the negro may possibly deserve a telegraphic report, but as slavery was abolished in Jamaica more than thirty years ago, the infant Reformers of Spain might be charged with impertinence for presuming to lecture the English nation on the treatment of the blacks. The Madrid Exeter Hall is probably an obscure institution, if indeed it is not wholly imaginary.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, in a letter addressed to the Secretary of the meeting, entered, as might have been expected, into the principles involved in the controversy rather than into the squabbles of political and religious factions. He looked, however, too deeply into the possibilities of the future, and he condemned too sweepingly the right to proclaim martial law, as well as the abuse of a dangerous power. It is true that, in suspending the ordinary course of law, an Imperial or Colonial Government performs an irregular act, and incurs a grave responsibility; but if there were a formidable insurrection at home, or in a colony, during the recess of Parliament, a Minister who neglected to proclaim martial law might well deserve impeachment, although the performance of his duty could only be condoned by an Act of Indemnity. The American PRESIDENT has, within a few weeks, restored in the loyal States the suspended writ of *habeas corpus*. The best lawyers have held that many of the military courts have acted in defiance of law, and the Government has habitually usurped powers which could only be conceded on the ground of urgent public necessity. As there is no supreme Parliament in the United States, even an Act of Congress is insufficient to justify a breach of the Constitution. If the earliest allegations of Mr. EYRE's apologists had been supported by evidence, his resort to martial law would have been approved even by the steadiest supporters of constitutional freedom. It would have been better to suspend the law than to allow the negroes to massacre the white population. As the case stands, according to the reports which have been received from Jamaica, it is still doubtful whether any insurrection was attempted or mediated. The transfer of GORDON from civil to military jurisdiction raises a separate issue; and even if the GOVERNOR can make a technical defence, it is impossible to believe that he ought to have withdrawn the prisoner from the ordinary tribunal. The excessive punishments which appear to have been inflicted after all resistance to authority had ceased are apparently only to be explained by antipathy to a despised race. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH deviates into a wide inquiry when he states that there is a political and ecclesiastical party in England which has never cordially accepted the principles of a free Constitution. It is more certain that in every country where white men live by the side of inferior races there is a party, neither political nor ecclesiastical, but co-extensive with the European commonalty, which habitually refuses to accept the principles of equality. In Jamaica, a negro riot is regarded as a servile revolt, to be punished as a crime after it has been suppressed by force. There is too much disposition in English society so far to share the Colonial prejudice as to assume, in spite of official statements, that all acts committed by authority were justifiable. Exeter Hall is perhaps not aware that its own violence and unfairness have confirmed the confidence of the numerous supporters of the Jamaica Government.

LORD RUSSELL and Mr. CARDWELL are not to be complimented on the dignity or adroitness of their demeanour. They have unconsciously encouraged the philanthropic deputations to believe that the opinions and policy of the Government have been modified by clamour. It seems certain that Mr. EYRE's celebrated despatch was not, in the first instance, disapproved, either by the Colonial Office or by the Cabinet. Mr. CARDWELL was understood to defend the GOVERNOR, in his reply to the Anti-Slavery Society; and it may be concluded from his language that he believed, probably on sufficient grounds, in the reality of the intended insurrection. When LORD RUSSELL, a few days afterwards, received a deputation from Lambeth, the Government had already determined, not only to institute an inquiry, but to suspend Governor EYRE during the investigation. LORD RUSSELL's language was depressed and faintly apologetic, although he still professed to dwell on the propriety of not prejudging the question. It would have been better either to have declined the visit of self-appointed advisers or to have returned vague and conventional answers to the addresses. Statesmen must often change their intentions, but a prudent reserve protects them from the suspicion of pliancy and timidity. If



Lord PALMERSTON had still reigned in Downing Street, the religious societies would have first known the intentions of the Government by seeing the appointment of the provisional GOVERNOR in the *Gazette*.

It is highly important that the Commissioners who are to inquire into the Jamaica affair should command confidence, or rather that they should deserve it. Sir EDMUND HEAD, whose name has been mentioned, is a public servant of long experience, of calm temper, and of great attainments. There could be no difficulty in appointing some eminent member of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council as his principal colleague. A lawyer of inferior rank, however able and learned, could not have acquired the authority or the judicial aptitude which are especially required on the occasion. Sir HENRY STOKES is considered a good soldier and an able administrator, and perhaps he may have been judiciously selected for the duty of restraining both the white population and the negroes within the limits of order. It may be hoped that, except in form, Sir HENRY STOKES will not be burdened with judicial duties, for which he has, on former occasions, displayed a more than soldierly incompetence. In Corfu he was a zealous partisan of a local faction, and he was guilty of gross injustice to some of the highest English and Ionian functionaries. As a Commissioner of Inquiry, he would probably wish to form an honest judgment; but he would commence the inquiry with a bias on one side or the other, and his original impression would be proof against evidence and argument. It is evident that the opinion of a layman, and especially of a soldier, on the legality of GORDON's trial would be absolutely worthless. In the approaching inquiry, which appears to be for a moment complicated by the inopportune arrival in England of Colonel NELSON and Colonel HILL, it will be necessary not only to collect evidence, but to sift it and to weigh it with a patient impartiality which belongs exclusively to professional lawyers. The announcement that the Commission is about to proceed to Jamaica will perhaps terminate or interrupt sectarian and factious agitation. When the facts of the case are authentically known, it will be time enough to award approval, punishment, and censure.

#### MR. BRIGHT AT BIRMINGHAM.

THE speech which Mr. BRIGHT made last Wednesday at Birmingham was in every way superior to that which he made at Blackburn. It was more skilful, more eloquent, more lively, and more telling. He is evidently beginning to speak with the confidence of a man who thinks that he is on the winning side, and that his victory is not far off. He tells us, indeed, that he knows no more of the coming Reform Bill than the rest of the world does. But it may be observed that he takes for granted that it will be very like the Bill of 1860, and that—whereas he and other ardent Reformers are learning to adopt what they honestly believe to be a moderate tone, and, as Mr. HUGHES expressed it, are persuading themselves that half a loaf is better than no bread—the rumours are dying away that the Government means to cut its own throat, and give up its credit and position, either by referring the matter to a Commission, or by proposing a little tinkering, peddling change, that would satisfy nobody. Mr. BRIGHT is perhaps, therefore, right to be in good spirits, and to accept the position which he claims of being the representative of a noiseless million of his fellow-countrymen. For the moment he is willing to forget that, according to his estimate, there are four more millions of his countrymen who are not only perfectly noiseless themselves, but as to whom he himself does not venture to make a noise. But there must, in politics, be practical limits to everything, and for the present we will take the great question of Reform as he puts it, and allow that the issue to be decided is whether we will or will not have an extra million of voters. It is only fair to add that Mr. BRIGHT apparently includes in this million every one who has a house in a Parliamentary borough, for this, he thinks, ought to be the true limit of the present Reform Bill; and there is a sort of tempting finality in the proposal, for even very Liberal theorists may be inclined to allow that, until the other noiseless four millions get houses, they may be left out. All the arguments for and against the admission of so large an additional number of voters cannot be noticed in a single speech; and it must be allowed that Mr. BRIGHT touched on very essential points when he undertook to prove, first, that the change is recommended by a party whose character gives weight to the recommendation; secondly, that it is justified

by historical precedents; and, thirdly, that it will conduce to specified improvements in legislation.

On each head there was, in all that Mr. BRIGHT said, a strange mixture of truth and error. He again attacks the Tories; but this time, although his attack was not quite fair, it came within the scope of legitimate party warfare. It is quite as much open to Mr. BRIGHT to indulge in vague abuse of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON and Mr. ADDERLEY as it is open to them to abuse him in the same way. How it is any kind of disgrace to Sir JOHN PAKINGTON to sit for a borough the area of which is forty-one square miles, an audience that enjoyed the joke ought to be able to explain. But Mr. BRIGHT was fairly entitled to say, if he pleased, that Sir JOHN PAKINGTON and Mr. ADDERLEY had simply been speaking without warrant when they asserted that he, and those who thought with him, are Republicans. A man who is accused directly of being a Republican has always the great advantage of being able to reply that he is not a Republican, that he loves the QUEEN and honours her, and wishes above all things for the stability of her throne. Hostile critics may always surmise that the course he takes is likely to shake her throne, but that is a matter of opinion, and every man must be allowed to judge of the fact whether he desires a particular form of government or not. Mr. BRIGHT has also a great advantage when his Tory adversaries assert that his projects are revolutionary. He can appeal to the names and the reputation of those who have been in favour of a Reform Bill within the last few years; and he justly says that the mere fact of approving a wide Reform Bill ought not to raise a presumption of favouring revolution, when it is recollected that the list must include, as he informs us, Lord ABERDEEN, Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS, the PRINCE CONSORT, and the QUEEN herself. It is also a fair retort to say that the Tories have stigmatized as revolutionary many measures which have been of the greatest benefit to the country, and that they have steadily opposed most of the best changes in legislation that have been made in this country. All this is quite fair argument, but it does not give the whole truth. It will convince those already convinced, like the five thousand auditors of Mr. BRIGHT, who were, he told them, more entitled than any other body of men to call themselves the Commons of England; but it would not convince those who want perfectly sound arguments to convince them. When Mr. BRIGHT says he is not a Republican we believe him, but when he calls the United States the greatest nation on earth, and holds it up in every way as our model, he certainly suggests the question what it is that we gain by not having a Republic here. When he says that Lord ABERDEEN, and Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS, and the PRINCE CONSORT were in favour of a Reform Bill a few years ago, we feel that the respectability of these names may shield any one from abuse who thinks as they thought, but that practically it would be far more important to know whether, if they were alive, they would wish for a Reform Bill now. We have had more experience and more discussion since they favoured, or are supposed to have favoured, Reform—for we are not aware whether Mr. BRIGHT conveys accurately the private views of the PRINCE CONSORT—and it is difficult to feel certain whether they would not have modified their opinion. And, lastly, although we do not in the least mind hearing the Tories abused, the abuse which dwells only on the good measures they have opposed is not quite fair. They have opposed some bad measures, too; and the country feels grateful to them for this, and even considers that they have been in some degree useful by forcing the goodness of good measures to be proved before they were carried.

Except scientific analogies, historical precedents are, of all sources of argument, the most dangerous and the most misleading. It is absolutely fatal to know about crystals and gases and seed-vessels, and then to apply the knowledge to politics; but it is almost as fatal to know about the Parliaments of CHARLES I. and the works of Lord SOMERS. The difference is, that gases and crystals have nothing to do with human affairs, whereas the Parliaments of CHARLES I. and the opinions of Lord SOMERS have something to do with English politics; but the amount of that connection can only be ascertained by patient reflection and inquiry, and must be stated with endless qualifications and niceties of language. Mr. BRIGHT tells us that in the Parliament of 1628 the question arose as to several boroughs, whether the right of voting lay in a very limited number of town-councillors or in the burgesses generally, and that the House decided, in every case, that the right lay with the larger number. The interval which separates this decision from the proposition that, two centuries later, a million more voters should be added to the

general electoral roll is incalculable. The House of Commons in 1628 had to decide whether, in certain towns, there should be a nomination by a clique or fair election. The House of Commons, in 1866, may have to decide whether it will give the franchise to a number of voters that will swamp altogether its present constituents; and scarcely any two questions in politics could be more different. Then, again, in the days of WILLIAM III. it was proposed that no one should vote at elections unless he belonged, or would conform, to the Established Church; and Lord SOMERS opposed this on the ground that "the right to vote for representatives is the essential privilege by which every Englishman preserves his property, and whoever deprives him of this takes away his birthright." This was a very good argument against those who wished to exclude Dissenters from exercising their existing right of voting, and who yet were not prepared to forbid Dissenters to hold property. If a religious difference was not to incapacitate a man from holding property, as it did in Ireland, then it ought not to debar him from such modes of protecting property as he possessed. It was obvious that only some Englishmen possessed this means of protecting their property, and it was only those who possessed it that can have had a birthright in it. Whether other Englishmen, who did not possess it, might be wisely invested with it was a question with which Lord SOMERS did not in any way attempt to deal. Mr. BRIGHT was on stronger ground, although on ground more familiar to his Birmingham audience, and therefore probably less imposing, when he tried to show the particular and immediate advantages that might be expected to flow from a Reform Bill. Besides the abolition of the Game-laws and of the Irish Church, there is the general education of the poor, and the rendering impossible that such cases should occur as that of the Dorsetshire labourer who once seemed so strangely unfortunate, for he was sent to prison for stealing a hurdle to make a little fire for a sick wife whom he was endeavouring to support on eight shillings a week, but who now seems so strangely fortunate, as he has had two hundred pounds collected for him by the spasmodic benevolence of the British public. Mr. BRIGHT tried to guard himself against the imputation that he wanted to rob the rich, or set the poor against them; and we will not, therefore, check him in his adoption of a proper tone by asserting that he might have adopted it a little more heartily. And if it is once distinctly understood that the enmity of class against class is of all things to be deprecated, and that all the allowance which ought to be made for the existing generation of landowners shall be made, then we think it true that a Reform Bill might do something for the poor; and this is the chief reason that induces moderate men, who are perfectly removed from all party intrigues and aims, to wish for it. The tone of the House of Commons might be improved as to all that affects the poor. It might get rid of that air of languid benevolence and contemptuous impotence which it borrows from good society when the poor have to be thought of. The position of the English agricultural poor is highly unsatisfactory, and it might be worth while to run some risk if there were reason to believe that political change would improve it.

#### ITALY.

THE position of the Italian Government is said to be very precarious, and as it is the fate of all Italian Governments to be precarious, the statement is very probably true. The PRESIDENT of the new Chamber was the candidate of the Government, and that is as much as can be said, for he was only elected by a bare majority, and the four VICE-PRESIDENTS all belong to the Opposition. If the Italians can get better men than the present, they are of course quite right to change; but to foreigners it appears that the present Government has at least been successful in maintaining the honour and dignity of the country. The diplomatic papers recently laid before the new Parliament show that General LA MARMORA has done his best to make Italy respected in the eyes of Europe. He has, in the first place, forced the minor States of the Zollverein to recognise the Kingdom of Italy. Prussia, knowing how tenderly some of these States felt for Austria, tried hard to get Italy to assent to the Commercial Treaty with the Zollverein before this recognition had been obtained. General LA MARMORA very wisely and very properly replied that Italy could get on just as well whether States of the size and importance of Saxony and Bavaria recognised her or not. She did not ask them to recognise her. Their moral approbation or disapprobation was a matter of supreme indifference to her; but if

they wished to deal with her at all, directly or indirectly, they must treat her with proper respect. Prussia tried to make things comfortable in a variety of ingenious ways, but the Italian Cabinet was firm; and the end was, that being hard-pressed by Prussia, and happening at the moment to be out of humour with Austria, the minor German States assented, and did what Italy insisted they should do. In the same spirit General LA MARMORA met a proposition for the establishment of certain local regulations of a purely commercial kind between the dwellers on the two sides of the Venetian frontier; and, as the scheme had the countenance of France, it required some little courage to show independence. But the Italian Government persisted in the view that it could not treat Lombardy as in any way holding a different position to the Italian Crown from that occupied by the provinces which had annexed themselves to the Kingdom by a popular vote, and that goods from every part of Italy must pass the Venetian frontier on the same terms as might be imposed on the admission of goods coming only from Lombardy. The Austrian Government, on the other hand, considered that to allow this would be to admit that the Romagna and the Sicilies belonged to the same Sovereign as Lombardy did, and this could not be tolerated. The scheme, therefore, fell through; and General LA MARMORA was evidently very glad it did. For behind this primary objection lay another, which it would have been exceedingly difficult to overcome. The Venetians, he thought, would consider that if regulations were made between Italy and Austria in which they were treated as Austrian subjects, it would look as if Italy was content that they should remain so; and the only way to dispel this notion would be to treat the negotiation for a commercial union as preliminary to further negotiations for a union of a totally different kind, and for giving up Venetia to Italy. The Vienna Cabinet naturally objected to this altogether, and replied that it must be distinctly understood that Austria would never give up Venetia, and that the commercial union was desirable because Venetia was to remain permanently Austrian. After this, nothing more was to be said or done; but although nothing came of the discussion, the Italian Government is at least entitled to the praise of having done exactly what Italy would have wished it to do.

The Italian Parliament will soon be occupied with a much more serious task than that of deciding whether Vice-Presidents shall be nominated by the Government or not. It will have to determine whether it will take the strong steps to avert national bankruptcy which M. SELLA calls on it to take. There is a deficit in the Budget of 1866 of ten millions and a half sterling. Will the country make a great effort to increase its revenue to such a point as shall insure that this deficit, if not altogether removed, shall be so largely reduced that confidence will be restored? In round numbers, he proposes to take a million off the expenditure, and to add six millions to the receipts. That is, he proposes to reduce the deficit by two-thirds. This would be an effectual mode of meeting the difficulty. If the Italians can, and will, pay six millions more than they do, the increase of revenue derived from the advancing produce of taxes in a prosperous country ought to bring the day, before very long, when there would be no deficit at all. But six millions is an enormous addition to the burdens of Italy, and, of these new six millions, no less than four are to be raised by a tax on grinding corn—that is, by an excise on the first article of subsistence. It is a hard struggle when every poor man in the nation is called on to pay dearly for his loaf; and patriotism is put seriously to the test when it is the stomach of the daily labourer that has to feel and respond to its claims. We may be sure that no Finance Minister would have proposed such a tax if he could have seen a possibility of raising the money in any other way. No tax could be more unpopular in its nature, or more sure to provoke the bitter denunciations of the numerous adversaries of every Government who think it shows a popular and liberal spirit to censure every measure that pinches the lower orders. But if this tax is not voted, M. SELLA, and probably his colleagues too, will go out. Some of the objectors and censors must then take office, and, however much they may have blustered and declaimed, they can have but three courses before them. They must either reduce the army and navy to a point which will fill the enemies of Italy with delight; or they must let the nation become bankrupt, and sink into the hopeless, bewildered confusion of Spain, or probably into the far worse confusion of a nation that cannot hold together as Spain can even when bankrupt; or they must discover some other new tax as productive as that on the



grinding of corn is supposed to be. The nation is passionately attached to the pursuit of political objects for the attainment of which a very large military expenditure is absolutely necessary; it has a real abhorrence of bankruptcy, and a keen sensitiveness to the loss of credit which it must encounter if it cannot pay its debts. But as it cannot keep up the army and pay its debts unless it bears the burden of new taxes, it must either put up with the tax on grinding corn or with some other tax that will produce four millions sterling a year. Now, in all the threats of opposition to the Bill of which we hear, we never come on any suggestion of a better way of raising the necessary funds than that which M. SELLA suggests. Severe as will be the pressure that this tax will put on Italians, no way is proposed of getting the money which will cause a slighter pressure. If the Italians are thoroughly in earnest; if poor men will eat less, in order that their country may hold the position in Europe to which they aspire; if the mass of the people care for political freedom and dignity with the intense and protracted zeal with which the Americans of the Northern States cared for the conservation of the Union and the extinction of slavery; then the tax, however painfully it may be felt, will be paid, just as the heavy taxes were paid which enabled the Federals to maintain their credit and prosecute the war.

Meantime, the Italian Government has the satisfaction, such as it is, of knowing that, if it has difficulties to encounter, its old enemy, the POPE, has difficulties of his own that are still more serious. The receipt of Peter's Pence has fallen off during the last year by one-third. The Catholic world, like the rest of mankind, gets tired of voluntary contributions to which there is no limit. So long as a great object is supposed to be attainable by a very strong effort made once for all, those who desire this object will subscribe almost anything. If, for example, England could, by one single payment, secure the conversion of all the native inhabitants of India to Christianity of a decent Protestant type, it might probably consent to increase the National Debt by one-half. But as this conversion is likely to take place very slowly and gradually, and as it is not certain that, unless the present type of missionary is largely altered, India ever will be Christian, most Englishmen feel the duty of subscribing for the conversion of Hindoos sit very lightly on their consciences. They may be wrong, but, as a matter of fact, this is the way in which they feel; and although they may, in a general way, wish to support the POPE, and may have a comfortable sense that, in giving Peter's pence, they at once forward their own salvation and do something specially annoying to infidels, Protestants, heretics, and generally to all persons tainted with the wicked English spirit of looking at ecclesiastical pretensions, still Catholics will grow faint and fainter in their ardour of generosity as they see less clearly when the call for it will be at an end. The POPE, unless he consents to let Italy share the burden of his debt and accept the liabilities of the provinces which it won from the Church, must go on for ever asking the faithful to support him. But they do not give him enough, and he is therefore obliged to get further into debt. The interest on new loans has to be met, and the Peter's Pence at once fall off and are destined to meet an increasing expenditure. But, as the gift is theoretically an optional one, and is really so, excepting so far as the priests order and control its amount in particular cases, the donors may naturally reflect that, if their money cannot effect the object which it is intended to effect—if it cannot really maintain the temporal power in an honourable position—it may be as well to refrain from giving it, or at any rate to give as little as possible. It is true that the more devoted and zealous will possibly reject such thoughts as impious, and as questioning the wisdom of PROVIDENCE; and they may give as much as they ever gave, in order to prove to themselves that they are ready for the sacrifice of self, even though the sacrifice may be a useless one. But the majority, even of good Catholics, cannot help common sense sometimes intervening, and whispering that it can do no good to any one that they should give their hardly-earned money to the support of a hopeless cause. But if the POPE is once bankrupt, he must lose confidence in himself and his political mission. He has, indeed, the resource of selling or mortgaging the ecclesiastical estates in the district that remains to him, and it is said that he is willing to do this rather than treat with Italy. But even this resource cannot last long. There must be very few purchasers in Rome and its neighbourhood, and the more the market is glutted the lower will be the prices offered. Such artificial means of propping up a falling Government cannot last long, and the day must soon come when either the temporal power will end or will be put on an entirely new footing.

#### RAILWAY LEGISLATION.

IT is not a little surprising that, after two unusually heavy Sessions, an increased number of Private Bills should have been deposited for the ensuing year. Although, however, the great addition to the capital already invested in public undertakings renders fresh applications to Parliament necessary, the list of Bills but loosely indicates the amount of labour which must be devoted to private legislation. A large proportion of Bills will be unopposed, and many petitioners will agree to a compromise before their claims are ready for adjudication. Experience will show whether many litigants avail themselves of a late Standing Order which enables the Referees, by consent of parties, to dispose of the entire case. Some questions of great importance must be decided by Select Committees, unless contending parties can agree among themselves to some satisfactory arrangement. It is proposed to open new routes to Brighton, to the South Wales coalfield, and to Scotland, and it may be confidently assumed that in each case local feeling will be favourable to the projectors. There are few inquiries more difficult than the comparison of vested interests in existing railways with the public convenience which is apparently involved in the establishment of a competing system. Those who have occasion, as parties or as judges, to consider similar questions are aware that it is impossible to refer decisions on complicated facts to any general rule. Popular opinion inclines alternately to extreme zeal for the interests of shareholders and to exclusive regard for the supposed advantage of the public. Professed economists sometimes declare that railway companies require rest, that capital accounts ought to be speedily and permanently closed, and that competition is but another name for combination; yet the same theorists are ready, when the fashion changes, to denounce the opponents of unnecessary undertakings as monopolists, and to protest against their being even heard against a scheme which may perhaps reduce a flourishing company to poverty or insolvency. The evils of wasted capital have been greatly exaggerated, for nine-tenths of the railways constructed in England are legitimate undertakings, which may, under proper management, be fairly expected to return a reasonable profit; but the wildest adventurers would never have sunk their money in railways if they had thought it possible that they were to be submitted to unlimited competition at the will of private persons.

It has often been suggested lately that the only parties really concerned in an inquiry as to a proposed railway are the capitalists who offer to make the line, and the landowners who are to be expropriated by contract or by compulsion. It is argued, therefore, that Parliament ought to approve of every Bill which is unopposed by landowners; and the further inference that a private owner ought not to place a veto on a public undertaking follows with a certain logical force. The Lands Clauses Act provides compensation for property which is taken, and the interest of the projector is represented as a sufficient security for the public utility of the enterprise. It is a startling discovery that every man has a right to take the property of every other man for purposes which he may consider profitable to himself; yet, if it were true that the public interest would be promoted by the sacrifice, it might be difficult to oppose the doctrine which has been so loudly proclaimed. It is strange, however, that the professed advocates of the Continental plan of exclusive concessions should also recommend a system which is characteristically described as free-trade in railways. Much ignorant praise has been bestowed on the reports of nineteen years ago which were published under Lord DALHOUSIE's sanction, because they discouraged the competition of new-comers in all cases where existing companies were willing to construct necessary or desirable branches. The entire withdrawal of all preference and protection is recommended by the same popular instructors, without any apparent consciousness of inconsistency. A general antipathy to railway directors, and to all their supposed accomplices, is equally gratified by charges that they are neglecting the interests of their shareholders, and by complaints that the proprietors themselves enjoy a pernicious monopoly. Common enmities are said to cement friendships, but those who depend for their livelihood on railway dividends will not easily be persuaded to join the assault which, through their agents, is directed against themselves. A Board which has been repeatedly attacked for not closing a capital account cannot be expected to watch passively the opening of a capital account by a rival, for the professed purpose of abstracting traffic, or rather of obtaining power to abstract it.

According to the new theory, any body of capitalists ought to be permitted to construct a new line by the side of the Great Northern Railway from London to Doncaster.

Additional accommodation would thus, it is said, be provided for passengers and freighters, and the landowners would receive the value of the property which would be taken. The illustration may appear extravagant, from the absurdity of the supposed results; but it is by no means certain that the enterprise would not be profitable and safe. The owner of a second line between the same extreme points can at once compel the older competitor to divide his profits; and if the mileage, the gradients, and the other conditions are equal, the new-comer can claim half the proceeds of the common purse. Half the receipts of the Great Northern main line would perhaps pay a fair dividend on a capital which would be considerably less than the cost of the existing undertaking. The fares would not be lowered, the number of trains would probably not be increased, and the interests of the two companies would be in all respects identical, although the junior partner had forced himself into a share of the business. If the new line were longer, or if the gradients were heavier, it might not improbably be found profitable to send the entire traffic by the existing line, although the new proprietors would take their share of the profits. In this case, three or four millions would have been expended for purposes of plunder, without producing the smallest commercial or material advantage to the general community. The supporters of a theory have no right to object to an extreme case which shows the fallacy of their doctrine. It is not improbable that direct piracy of the plan of a flourishing undertaking might be the most profitable application of the system of unregulated competition. It would, however, be better for both parties that a contractor should be bought off than that he should waste his money in making a duplicate line. There is scarcely any limit to the amount of black mail which would be levied on railway proprietors if Parliament no longer required proof of the necessity or expediency of a proposed undertaking. When adequate advantages are really offered by a competing line, it is almost invariably sanctioned. Every great commercial town is now reached by two, three, or four railways. There was a time when the London and North-Western Company carried all the Northern traffic, and Lord DALHOUSIE reported against the unnecessary competition of the Great Northern. As far as a rule can be extracted from a legislation which necessarily follows the diversity of circumstances, it is now a settled principle that, when intermediate districts require railways of their own, the new parallel lines are allowed to extend themselves to terminal points, although the through traffic has been sufficiently accommodated.

It is not likely that Parliamentary Committees will adopt the fallacy that existing interests have no claim to consideration. A reasonable amount of certainty is an indispensable condition of the expenditure of capital on useful enterprises. The contractors who have pushed railways into some of the least promising districts of the country have conferred great and unexpected benefits on the inhabitants and on the owners of property. In some instances they create a profitable traffic, and they may fairly expect to reap the benefit of their own adventure. Their capital would never have been risked if they had supposed that competitors might watch their experiment for the purpose of escaping their losses and of dividing their gains. It is difficult to understand how, even under existing conditions, money can have been provided for some costly lines. The alliances of the great Companies have almost put an end to the practice of forcing a new line on one rival by threats of introducing a competitor into a district; yet it is found that contractors are willing to pay themselves in shares for an outlay which often seems entirely unremunerative. For some years Parliament has declined to inquire too closely into pecuniary resources which are always forthcoming after a Railway Act has been passed. Committees have shown habitual favour, even to unpromising undertakings, where projectors, who may be supposed to be the best judges of their own interests, apparently rely on the profits of a new or imperfectly developed traffic. Attempts to extort from existing Companies a share of their receipts ought to be vigilantly watched, though they are not necessarily to be condemned.

#### AMERICAN TOLERATION.

IT is astonishing how hardly the human mind struggles against even the most rudimentary idea of liberty, and especially when that liberty is claimed upon questions of religion. So long as it is associated with doctrines of equality, it finds pupils and preachers in abundance. The liberty which claims to think and act without control from kings or nobles is sure of very extensive popularity, because it is the cause of the majority. But as soon as the tyranny of govern-

ing classes or exclusive castes has been banished into history, liberty loses, one by one, the enthusiastic crowd that had hitherto accompanied her advance. The time-honoured truisms are not, of course, abandoned; but the majority see the possibility of numerous exceptions from their application the moment that liberty becomes the demand of the minority. This falling off in popular zeal as soon as the majority become the oppressors, has always been more conspicuous in religious questions than in any others; both because, in matters of religion, feelings are more irritated by differences of opinion, and also because for some ages past religious oppression has been the act of the majority. A ruler might with impunity tyrannize over the majority in political or social matters; but in religion he would scarcely dare to persecute unless the majority was on his side. The world is therefore tolerably familiar with the spectacle of ardent advocates of freedom not disdaining to apply the pressure of the law to enforce the adoption of their own religious beliefs and practices.

Yet the contrast is so glaring and so offensive that each new instance of it excites an interest which familiarity cannot entirely blunt, especially when it shows itself among those who profess to have made special and peculiar advance in their devotion to the cause of freedom. The Sabbath question is just now exhibiting in a grotesque form the intolerance that often lies at the bottom of the minds of the most vehement professors of liberality. Scotland is the most liberal part of Great Britain; and the Free Kirk is the most liberal part of Scotland. Yet it is from the Free Kirk that proceeds constantly the demand that not only the devout members of the Free Kirk itself, but all other human beings, shall be condemned, whether they like it or not, for the good of their own souls, to pass a seventh part of their time without amusement, movement, or whisky. America professes, present circumstances notwithstanding, to admire and understand freedom better than any other nation upon earth. And in America the very cream of all that is republican and illuminated and advanced is supposed to be found in the city of Boston. Yet in Boston there has been an outbreak of Sabbatarianism which leaves every Scotch precedent in the shade. In Scotland, the fanatics freely invoke the aid of the law; but they get it in a very limited degree. In Boston, they wield all the powers of a very despotic police, and apply it to cases which only the more extreme of the Scotch clergy would include in their anathemas. We are informed this week that the police of Boston have ordered the morning newspapers to give up the publication of reports of meetings that have taken place upon Sunday evenings, because the publication involves the labour of the shorthand writer on Sunday; "and the work is not," the Boston police go on to say, "one either of charity or of necessity." Stopping any particular industry on a weekday because it must, in the judgment of the authorities, have implied some preliminary labour on the Sunday, is a far more perfect specimen of intolerance than anything we can produce on this side of the Atlantic. Our English fanatics surpass any others in Europe; but even they have never devised the idea of inflicting criminal penalties on a constructive Sabbath-breaking, not proved by evidence, but inferred from the course of Monday's labour. The idea of paternally taking care of the soul of the reporter by preventing any one from purchasing of him a copy of what he might have taken down or remembered at a Sunday evening meeting, is worthy (in the Old World) of no other government but that of Rome. It is clear that the principle is capable of a far wider application, and may be made the means of enabling professors to inflict no little inquietude upon the worldly. At the small druggists' in London it is the custom to keep ready made up, for sale on Monday morning, powerful compounds of jalap and soda, for the purpose of relieving the aching temples of Irish labourers who have been enjoying the day of rest too freely. If any such wicked provision is made in Boston, the police will lose no time in putting a stop to it; for it clearly implies employment upon the blessed Sabbath which are neither works of necessity nor of mercy. It may fairly be doubted whether boot-cleaning ought to be allowed on Monday morning, except in those cases where it could be clearly proved that the boots were dirtied in a work of necessity or mercy. It is hard, too, that of all the sinners assembled to profane the Sabbath evening by hearing each other talk, the unfortunate reporter should be the only one who is selected by the Boston police as an example. Surely some mode ought to be adopted of correcting (for their souls' health) the other offenders. Cannot it be made penal to give tea to a man who has spoken at a Sunday evening meeting? or to furnish armchairs for any of



the audience who may be inclined to repose after their labours?

The melancholy feature about these absurdities is that both at Glasgow and at Boston the people who commit them imagine themselves to be friends of religious liberty. The arguments which they use in their own defence show that the most rudimentary idea of its meaning has not yet penetrated into their minds. They would probably reply to any attacks upon them by an elaborate attempt to prove that the observance of the Sabbath was matter of divine command. It does not seem to occur to them that, even if this were demonstrably true, it would be entirely irrelevant to the question. A freedom to do exactly what is prescribed to you to do can only be ranked as another form of Hobson's choice. The essence of freedom is that, within the limits prescribed by the rights of other people, you shall be allowed to do what your rulers think wrong as well as what they think right. If religious liberty only means the liberty to practise the religion which in the eye of the lawgiver is divine, there is no part of the world, not even Madagascar and Japan, which has not been immemorially in the enjoyment of that inestimable blessing. The Boston police and King FRANCIS II. are quite agreed in the propriety of conceding religious liberty so far; and their objections to allowing it to go any further spring from exactly the same motives. In Boston the majority is supreme; and the majority believe in the divine obligation of the Sabbath. The tyrannous instinct is as strong in their hearts as in the hearts of all other human beings; and if there were the same preponderance of opinion in favour of any other religious practice, it would be enforced in the same arbitrary manner. The great advantage in this respect of a democracy over a despotism is, not that the multitude have more respect than the despot for individual rights of conscience, but that they are fortunately in most cases so divided in opinion that they have not the power to insist on uniformity.

A great disadvantage of the haste and turmoil in the midst of which all political thinking is conducted in our day, is that even reflecting men scarcely ever stop to define to their own minds the meaning of their cries. They repeat mechanically the words in which the thoughts of bygone thinkers were embodied, without inquiring whether the policy they are advocating bears any correspondence to the traditional watchword. No phrase has been more hardly used in this respect than religious liberty. It is employed to express anything and everything except its simple meaning of letting people do as they like in matters of religion. It is generally applied now to controversies as to the degree in which a man who has made a contract that he will teach religion of a specified kind is or is not bound to keep it, or as to whether it is desirable, in paying a man for undertaking such teaching, to secure by any definite agreement that he shall perform that undertaking. Whatever may be the merits of these various controversies—and they necessarily vary in every case—they have nothing whatever to do with religious liberty; any more than a question whether apprentices should be kept to their indentures, or a controversy concerning the meaning of those indentures, has to do with the cause of human freedom. The evil of these misapplications is that the real objects of religious liberty are neglected. Many see the idea popularly invoked in favour of schemes which have no concern with it, and which to their minds would make all religious organization a sheer impossibility; and they turn from it altogether in disgust. Meanwhile it is forgotten that religious liberty, in its true sense, has many victories yet to win, that in the most advanced countries it is still often openly set at nought, and that, without the constant vigilance of those who guide opinion, it will constantly be placed in no small jeopardy by the proposals which are in fashion now for entrusting political power to those among whom education has done little to control the natural tyranny of the human heart.

#### MR. STANSFELD ON REFORM.

MR. STANSFELD made a sensible speech, a few days ago, at Halifax. In candidly exculpating the late Government from the charge of having betrayed the cause of Parliamentary Reform, Mr. STANSFELD may have been unconsciously influenced by the recollection that he had been himself a Lord of the Admiralty under Lord PALMERSTON. He justly acquitted the Conservative party of the guilt of obstructing a measure which the Liberal majority had certainly no desire to pass. As he figuratively observed, the Reform wing of Liberal policy remained stationary, while the remainder of the force

occupied various metaphorical positions in advance. The French Treaty and Mr. GLADSTONE'S Budgets redeemed the character of the Parliament, which also supported the Government in its neutrality throughout the American civil war. For six, or perhaps for four years, Mr. STANSFELD himself appears, not only to have rested, but to have been thankful. He is now, however, preparing himself to follow Lord RUSSELL in his ascent to some higher summit. The large number of politicians which is represented by Mr. LOWE would contend that the wise legislation of former Sessions is not a reason for changing the constitution of an efficient Parliament; and probably even Mr. STANSFELD would prefer the assembly which supported Lord PALMERSTON to a democratic House of Commons, reflecting the wisdom of the meeting which was about the same time demanding manhood suffrage in London and incidentally fighting with malcontent Chartist. The orators of the working-classes boldly announce their intention to regulate wages, and to legislate, without regard to economical theories, for the exclusive benefit of their own class. A House of Commons returned by universal suffrage might possibly be restrained by a sense of responsibility from adopting the extreme doctrines of volunteer demagogues; but it would be imprudent to depend on the moderation of an irresistible and homogeneous majority. Mr. STANSFELD professed his readiness to discuss Reform in a friendly manner with the large class which would willingly extend the franchise if only it were convinced that the change might be effected without danger. For his own part, he of course insisted on the concession of the suffrage to working-men, though he deprecated their political supremacy. Of the real difficulty which presses on Liberals who prefer freedom and order to theoretical symmetry, Mr. STANSFELD attempted no solution. There may be persons who, as he said, wish to keep working-men in their proper place, though prudent politicians are not likely to express opinions so universally unpopular; but it would be more useful to meet the objections of moderate opponents, or of hesitating supporters, than to protest against a form of insolence which, in public at least, has become obsolete. If Mr. STANSFELD, or Lord RUSSELL, can devise means to give votes to working-men without giving them an undue preponderance in elections, there will be no serious difficulty in passing a Reform Bill. The Bill of 1860, which is approved by Mr. BRIGHT, would have reduced the present constituency of nearly every borough into the condition of a powerless minority. It may be true that, as Sir F. CROSSLEY said at Halifax, a superior artisan is a better man than a beer-shop-keeper occupying a 10*l.* house; but the beer-shop-keepers form only a fraction of the middle-classes, while a 6*l.* franchise would introduce an overwhelming number of workmen.

Mr. STANSFELD'S objections to a Commission of Inquiry seem to be well founded. The Government will have no difficulty in obtaining the statistical information which is necessary for the guidance of Parliament; and if Lord RUSSELL requires assistance in determining the principle of his Bill, a confidential Cabinet Committee will be better suited to the task than an irresponsible Commission. No party has any interest in delay, for even the most obstinate disbelievers in the expediency of Reform wish to know the worst as soon as possible. There is no reason to believe that the country deliberately wishes for any measure of the kind, and three-fourths of the House of Commons would privately prefer the maintenance of the present Constitution; but the Liberal majority has become pledged to support a Government Reform Bill, and Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE will certainly hold their followers to their engagements. In 1860 the Government was blameably negligent in postponing the collection of statistics until the Bill had been introduced into the House of Commons, but care will now be taken that votes on either side are founded on a definite knowledge of facts. The number of electors which would be added to the constituency by the adoption of each several franchise is the most important element of legislation. In the distribution of political power, quantity matters almost more than quality. When the right of voting ceases to be a privilege or distinction, the whole character of the Constitution is changed. It would be desirable, if it were possible, to draw the line of enfranchisement where those who were included within the boundary would, in a certain sense, form an aristocracy. The 10*l.* householders, who may be roughly considered as identical with the middle-class, have lately shown many indications of disinclination to admit new partners in political power; and if the more intelligent artisans could be trusted to entertain a similar jealousy of the incompetent multitude, their possession of the suffrage would furnish additional security against promiscuous democracy. Unluckily, it happens that

the warmest advocates of a reduced franchise openly avow their ultimate desire for universal suffrage. Mr. BRIGHT, who is the real leader of the Reformers, always urges the rights of five millions of unrepresented Englishmen as a reason for giving votes to one-fifth of their number. The inference is necessary, if the assumed right is conceded; but a disputant who proves five times more than is necessary for his argument can scarcely be sincere in his moderation. The charge of powder is too large for the ball, and it seems probable that a greater weight of metal is ultimately to be propelled. Mr. STANSFELD himself proposes the United States as a model for England, referring to the extraordinary vigour which has been exhibited in the war. It is not necessary to discuss the comparative merits of English and American institutions, inasmuch as the present Parliament will certainly not be disposed to subvert the principles of the national Constitution.

Mr. DISRAELI's alternative proposal of lateral reform is not unnaturally ridiculed by the advocates of a lower franchise. Many of the upper and middle classes have no votes of their own, but, as long as restricted suffrage lasts, they are virtually represented by their equals. Professional men who live in lodgings seldom feel the want of a vote, and if they are made electors simultaneously with twenty times their number of working-men, the boon will scarcely be worth their acceptance. If vertical reform is objectionable, it would be better to leave things as they are. The only real supporters of changes in the representative system are those who think that the standard of qualification ought to be lowered. There is more to be said in favour of the special kinds of suffrage which have been called "fancy franchises"; but the democratic party requires simple uniformity, and it foresees that, with the establishment of its own supremacy, checks and balances and artificial distinctions will rapidly disappear.

It is difficult to judge whether Mr. STANSFELD is justified in threatening that the rejection of a Ministerial Reform Bill would be immediately followed by a demand for a more sweeping measure. If the House of Commons, notwithstanding the professions of candidates on the hustings, proves to be hostile to Reform, it must also be prepared to acquiesce in the formation of a Conservative Government. It is impossible to say whether a change in the Ministry would produce popular agitation, and it would be absurd to attempt a dissolution within a few months after a general election. Although general attention has been almost exclusively fixed on plans for reducing the qualification for voting, it is improbable that any measure should be introduced which would not involve the disfranchisement of small boroughs. The members for the doomed constituencies are not uniformly on the Opposition side of the House, and they would unanimously resist their own political extinction. In the days of the great Reform Bill, the Whig borough-mongers were generally induced to offer their privileges as a sacrifice to the cause of patriotism or party. Few seats, however, are now subject to individual nomination, and the electors would feel no scruple in defending to the utmost their menaced franchises. On the other hand, the extreme Liberals will not be satisfied with any measure which leaves the present electoral districts untouched. Lord RUSSELL might, perhaps, effect a compromise by including unrepresented towns within the limits of the actual boroughs. There is no reason why a resident in a town of five thousand inhabitants should have no electoral power, while a neighbouring borough of twice or three times the population may perhaps send two members to Parliament. No Minister has ever had a stronger interest in framing the best possible measure for the consideration of Parliament; and judicious politicians, both within and without the walls of the House of Commons, will be disposed to receive in a favourable spirit any well-adjusted project of Reform. The balance of considerations inclines, on the whole, in favour of a moderate change, in preference to an obstinate resistance to what seems to be the national decision. It is not a matter of regret that the official sponsor of the forthcoming Bill is habitually trusted by the extreme Reformers. It was known that Lord PALMERSTON would yield as little as possible, but it will be assumed that Lord RUSSELL concedes as much as is just. Mr. GLADSTONE also, who will have to conduct the measure through the House of Commons, has become a favourite with the advocates of change. If the principal Ministers use their popularity to restrain the demands of their more eager supporters, they will earn the confidence of sceptical Liberals who are not enthusiastic votaries of democracy.

#### SPECULATION.

THE Company-mania is at last beginning to excite a not unnatural anxiety, and the first suggestions of remedies that have cropped out take the accustomed form of complaints against the law, rather than against those by whose knavery or folly the game is kept up. It is just the old story. Whenever men who are left unfettered are guilty of any absurdity or dishonesty, instantly there arises a body of wise censors who can do nothing but denounce the freedom which suffers such abuses. According to this school, everything ought to be so regulated that it should be impossible for any one to deceive or be deceived; every trade should be hedged and bounded by restrictions so rigid as to shut out all interlopers, and every risk should be prohibited by which any of HER MAJESTY'S subjects may by possibility lose a sixpence. We scarcely know whether laws of this complexion could be effectually framed by human ingenuity, but it is quite certain that a very different rule is essential to the life of commerce. Without freedom of action in every possible sense, trade inevitably becomes paralytic; and freedom implies liberty to the fools no less than to the prudent. Under strict regulation, many disasters may no doubt be obviated, but, for every loss that is prevented, a thousand channels of sound enterprise are choked. We are not at all blind to the mischief which has been done by scores of fraudulent or semi-fraudulent schemes; but the evil is not to be met by a paternal legislation which would cripple good and bad alike, and prohibit the use of the most powerful weapons of industry, lest some of the inexperienced should play with them too soon.

The last and largest instalment of commercial liberty has been the privilege to form trading corporations at will, and it is not wonderful that this, like every other gift of freedom, is grossly abused. Political freedom and social freedom have been turned to ill account quite as often as commercial freedom, but no one in this country echoes the old-world cry in favour of paternal despotism and social tyranny. We must take liberty of every kind with all its drawbacks, or give it up entirely; and no one can seriously doubt which of these two alternatives will most commend itself to thinking Englishmen. If, therefore, we have to refer to some of the abuses which have grown out of the newly-acquired facilities for Company-concoction, it is not with any notion of pointing to retrograde legislation as the cure for an evil which the growth of experience and the spread of common sense alone can grapple with. The effects of the removal of the old restrictions on the establishment of corporate trading bodies have been greater than either the advocates or the opponents of the reform could well have imagined. That some such outlet for commercial enterprise was wanted is proved by the large number of solid Companies which are now carrying on a constantly increasing proportion of the business of the country, and even the most bitter opponent of what is called the system of limited liability must own that a self-constituted corporation is not of necessity a whit less substantial than one which has acquired the privilege of incorporation by Act of Parliament or Royal Charter. The possession of a corporate existence apart from the individual responsibility of the members of an association affords undoubted opportunities for fraud; but the huge undertakings of modern times cannot be carried on without the strength of associated capital, and the only form in which the question of policy can be put is this—whether it is wiser to concede the privilege only to such bodies as may win the favour of a Parliamentary Committee or a Government Board, or to offer it impartially to all, leaving it to the public to decide how far the various pretenders to favour may or may not be worthy of credit. Few persons will hesitate in such a choice, not merely from the preference which every man, who has seen both at work, has for freedom over regulation, but because, as a matter of experience, we know that the Parliamentary and the official checks have wholly failed to discriminate between sound and unsound undertakings.

A Railway Company differs from an ordinary limited Company only in having acquired for its members the privilege of irresponsibility at enormous cost, by force of a special statute, instead of having claimed it as of common right; and it is a fair question whether the selected class of Companies do not present as good a show of bubbles as the self-constituted corporations which are just now the fashion. The typical Glen Mutchkin Railway was quite as gross a swindle as any of the concoctions which Mr. TIDD PRATT registers, and he must be a lucky man who does not remember, to his sorrow, more than one actual specimen which fully came up to the type. When all the corporations which Parliament creates prove sound and successful, it will be time enough to talk of reimposing the



fetters which have been taken off from joint-stock enterprise. Legislation of this kind, which would stop the good and the bad Companies together, might be compared to a law which should prohibit dealings on credit, because the privilege is not uncommonly abused by some ingenious members of the community. The real safeguard against the abuse of private credit is found in the caution and sagacity of individual traders, and the only protection against Company-frauds that can be relied on for a moment is that which the prudence of the community will by degrees learn to apply for itself. The root of almost all the mischief lies in the fact that the success of those who get up a Company is quite independent of the success of the Company itself. So long as it is profitable to promote schemes that are destined, and sometimes intended, only to be wound up, it is impossible that innocent subscribers should not be occasionally victimized; but the chief facilities for such operations may be traced to other causes than the defects of the law, and the remedy is one that it is beyond the power of any legislation to supply. In the majority of cases, those who suffer from the collapse of joint-stock schemes are not quite such simple-minded innocents as is often assumed. Probably where one subscriber is induced by the promises of a prospectus to invest money in a Company because he anticipates enormous dividends, ten are tempted into the net by the hope of effecting a speedy realization at a handsome premium; and it is scarcely too much to say that, but for the organized system of premium-manufacture, not a tenth part of the bubbles which now float merrily down the stream, till they burst, would ever come into actual existence. Those who risk their money simply as gamblers, in the hope of a rising market, deserve no particular pity if they find that they have played against superior skill, or even against loaded dice; but the aggregate loss of legitimate commerce, by the waste and plunder that attends the traffic in new shares, is a serious public mischief, irrespective of any damage which may be suffered by those who take part in the game. It is by withdrawing the encouragements to the trade of promotion, rather than by any vain attempt to discriminate by authority between good and bad speculations, that this evil can be most effectually checked; and a resolution of the Stock Exchange Committee, based on sound principles, would do far more good than any modification which the Legislature could introduce into the law.

It is understood that the Committee has before it two rival proposals for dealing with the emergency. One of these is to enforce with more severity than ever the rules by which it has been attempted to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to stamp what are supposed to be *bonâ fide* undertakings with a sort of official recognition. That this attempt has been made in good faith there is no reason to doubt. That it has failed hitherto, and always must fail, is equally certain. We need look no further than the daily quotations of shares admitted to the official list to see how small is the guarantee of solidity which a Company gives by merely passing the ordeal of the Committee. Something like a real assurance of stability would be afforded by the mere fact of the subscription list being filled up, if every name were obtained from confidence in the enterprise itself, without the gambling inducement which is now the principal attraction. This kind of speculation draws its life from the dealings in unallotted shares, and if the traffic could only be prevented, the occupation of promoting worthless schemes would soon cease to be one of the most lucrative of professions. This is the object of the alternative proposal before the Committee. In a dim sort of way, the rulers of the Stock Exchange have always recognised the duty of frowning upon this branch of industry. We believe that they even go so far as to decline to punish, by their official power over their own members, any defaults in bargains of the character we have referred to. But something much more than this is required; and what has been proposed is, that the Stock Exchange should not only intimate a mild disapproval of the practices it condemns, but should render them almost, if not quite, impossible. And this it is really in the power of the Committee to do. Not one bargain out of ten in the unallotted shares of an embryo Company would ever take place if it were not for the chance of escape which is afforded by the possibility of the day of settlement never being named. It is the simplest thing in the world for promoters to buy shares on the terms of paying for them if they get their promotion-bonus, and escaping scot-free if they do not. It needs no capital, and not much sacrifice, to enter upon such a speculation; and it is precisely because it rests with the Committee to say whether a settlement shall be given or not, that bargains of this kind become possible. If every one who wished to raise the shares of a Company to a premium knew that he would, in any event,

have to pay for every purchase that he made, the number of transactions would be vastly reduced, and the almost invariable announcement of a high premium which follows the first advertisements of a new project would cease to attract the speculative crowd who make use of these schemes as other men use the counters on a gaming-table. Simple as the remedy may seem, we believe that the mere withdrawal of the Stock Exchange Committee from all interposition in giving a recognised status to new Companies would do more to check the flood of worthless and often fraudulent schemes than all their well-meant but mistaken vigilance has ever effected. Nearly all the evils which have been ascribed to the unbounded freedom which the law allows are due in a much greater degree to the excessive regulation which a body in some respects more powerful than the law has endeavoured to impose. The fences that have been set up to keep speculators within bounds have served only as props to sustain those who could never otherwise have kept their footing. In this, as in other commercial matters, *laissez faire* will probably be found the safest system; and, at any rate, it will be time enough to call for fresh legislation when the experiment has been fairly tried whether the Company-manufacture, if left absolutely to itself, would not soon shrink to reasonable proportions. With Consols at 87, a score of loans imminent, a larger batch than ever of Railway Bills in Parliament, and, behind all, America rushing into fresh engagements with more than American recklessness, there will be quite enough for the capital of the country to do in the coming year, without the incessant drain of a dozen new Companies a week.

#### THE DEATH OF GREAT MEN.

THE death of the King of the Belgians adds another item to a year's list in which were already included the names of the two foremost men of two of the greatest nations of the world. Mr. Lincoln was assassinated at the moment when his presence seemed to be most essential in the councils of his country. Lord Palmerston died when his name represented to foreigners the soul of English politics. England, however, has moved on, so far, without any perceptible change. The United States have continued the perplexing work of reconstruction, under their new ruler, as well as they could have prospered under their old. And it is not certain that the loss of King Leopold will greatly alter the course of events in Europe, or perhaps even in Belgium. Three of the men who, at the beginning of the year, were the most prominent in the world, have dropped out, and the political machinery continues to work much as before. If we listened to the ordinary common-places, to say nothing of the formal compliments due to such events, we might have expected our whole system to be thrown out of gear. Whenever a prominent man falls, and still more when there is a prospect of his falling, we are told with every variety of emphasis that his importance cannot be over-estimated, that his loss will mark the commencement of a new era, and that a kind of moral earthquake will be propagated to the ends of the world. Somehow or other, the change is usually smaller than we expected, or professed to expect; we get up the next morning, and find that our breakfast tastes very much as it did the day before; and after a week or two the loss of the great man becomes an old story, and the new state of things is undistinguishable from the old. There is a very sensitive barometer by which the effect of any great event upon men's genuine opinions, as distinguished from their expressed sentiments, may be tested. It must be a remarkable death which produces any effect whatever upon the Funds. The men may be counted on the fingers whose loss would send the Three per Cents. down by one-eighth; and there is not more than one man, if there is one, whose loss would make them fall by a whole unit. If we measure a man's worth by the fluctuations of Consols, we should find that scarcely any man can be estimated at even the faint rumour of a war, to say nothing of a war itself. The subject is so far a trite one that moralists have often dilated upon the comparative insignificance of great men. But it may be worth while asking whether the cases we have mentioned are exceptional, or whether they are not rather instances of a rule which tends every day to become more generally true.

A certain school of writers has been very much attacked for maintaining that the progress of the world is very little affected by any individual, however conspicuous his position. The assertion is supposed to belong to the philosophy which considers human history to be developed by "inexorable laws," and not by the action of freewill. The metaphysical question thus raised is in reality quite irrelevant. The most positive of positive philosophers must admit that a man might produce an indefinite effect upon a society, if only the society was small enough. If England were inhabited by a hundred families, instead of twenty millions of people, we might be all dependent upon one man. The loss of a single battle might ensure our complete extirpation, and such a very minute army would probably be dependent upon its leader. On the other hand, every one must admit that there are some limits to the influence of the most powerful of men. Louis Napoleon, with all his horses and all his men, could not materially change the religion of his subjects, nor teach them all to write,

nor even alter to any vital degree their laws of property and succession. There are limits to the power of every man; the question of what those limits are is simply one of degree, to be decided by experience. The question of freewill and necessity has no more to do with it than it has to do with settling whether a man can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours. The extent of the influence of a man upon his fellows is a problem of social dynamics, upon the solution of which, as upon the solution of most other practical problems, metaphysical disputes have little or no bearing. It is, however, true that as men have come to look into history more closely, and to criticize it more scientifically, there has been a tendency to diminish the value attached to individuals. It was inevitable that it should be so, from the way in which history was formerly written. Every great event was labelled with the name of the man who happened to be uppermost, because it is always convenient to assume that the ringleader of a mob is the sole cause of its existence; it saves all the trouble of investigating deeper causes, and gives a summary and universal explanation. On the same principles, every change was supposed to be far more abrupt than it really was, till the transitory intermediate phases which had led up to it had been thoroughly examined. Thus, for example, it was first assumed that the French Revolution was a sharp line of division between two totally different periods, till people took the trouble to discover that many of the changes attributed to it, such as the subdivision of landed property, had existed to a great extent before the outbreak. It was next assumed that the French Revolution was entirely due to Robespierre, or Danton, or Mirabeau, or some one of its most conspicuous leaders; whence followed, logically, the conclusion that there would have been no revolution if there had been no Robespierre; and if Robespierre was originally irritated by an aristocrat splashing his stockings, we might say that if Robespierre's stockings had not been splashed there would have been no peasant proprietors in France. The disasters of the nobility, at the end of the fifteenth century, says Michelet, caused land to pass into the hands of the people; this happy event was called, in the monarchical stage, the good King Louis XI. The religious wars caused a similar result, a century later; this time the era, christened by another royal name, was called the good King Henry IV. This opinion, doubtless accepted in good faith, has found its latest exposition in the theory of providential saviours of a people, as explained in the preface to the *Life of Caesar*.

The doctrine that the great bulk of the human race is a passive bulk of clay, which is patted and poked into shape at rare intervals by a series of heaven-sent moulders, had the merit of being picturesque. But it has already fallen into discredit in some departments of thought. A great scientific discoverer is no longer a man who tells us a secret which, without him, we should never have known; he is one who is a year, or perhaps a month, in advance of his neighbours. When a man invents something new, it always appears that some one else had invented it independently, though he had not published it so soon, and that half a dozen other men had been on the very verge of the discovery. The lucky originator has the pleasure of thinking that he has snapped it out of the mouths of a dozen hungry competitors, but he cannot flatter himself that his services were at all indispensable to the world at large. At least they have saved time. We are like travellers crossing an unexplored desert. It requires great qualities now for a man to precede his neighbours sufficiently to discover the sources of the rivers; in a short time it will become a common feat, and before many years there will be railroads running to take every one who chooses. There was a time when a man might, like Columbus, discover entirely new continents; but even Columbus would have been anticipated if he had waited a year or two longer. There would probably be as many people in America at the present moment if Columbus had been lost in his first voyage; and, if Newton had never lived, we should probably know nearly as much about the solar system as we do, or at least we should have but little leeway to make up. This truth, which would be generally acknowledged in scientific matters, does not meet with equal acceptance in the domain of politics. Such a man as Louis Napoleon or as Count Cavour, upon whom the limits of empires seem to depend, certainly appears to occupy a much more important position. So do great generals. If this or that or the other battle had had a different result, as historians are so fond of saying, the fate of the world would have been different. If Charles Martel had not beaten the Moors, we should all have been Mahomedans; if William had lost the battle of Hastings, we should have been beer-swilling Anglo-Saxons instead of Englishmen; if Napoleon had not been defeated at Leipsic, we should all have been subjects of the French Empire. It is quite true that, if something had happened which did not happen, a result would have followed of which nobody can trace the consequences. But, whatever may have been the case formerly, it is evident that these possibilities are becoming gradually confined within narrower limits. The extent to which any man can move the world is diminishing, because, somehow or other, the *vis inertiae* of the world has increased. There was perhaps a time when the fate of a war depended a good deal upon the personal prowess of Achilles or the ability of Alexander. Now we can prophesy with tolerable certainty that the richest and most numerous people will get the best of it. The end of a contest is generally pretty clear from the beginning, if we know the forces that are to be employed. The Danes might be as brave as they chose, but, in the absence of intervention, they were certain

to lose Schleswig-Holstein, because one man nowadays is always, in the long run, beaten by two. If it could have been foreseen that North and South would fight it out to the end, there could have been no doubt which would be crushed, because it was plain which had the overwhelming superiority in numbers, wealth, and material. In other words, the victory does not now depend upon any particular man, but upon general conditions which it is possible to calculate beforehand. A General Lee may delay, but he cannot finally avert, the inevitable effect of the strongest battalions and the longest purse.

The same causes which lead to this comparative insignificance of individuals in warfare seem to operate in political affairs generally. The masses of mankind have been so systematically organized that their weight must tell. It tells as much upon their leaders as upon their adversaries. The most absolute of monarchs cannot act without constant reference to the will of his subjects; he is, to some extent, confined by the completeness of the machinery at the head of which he is placed. He is compelled to set it working in the accustomed grooves. If he attempts to turn it off the rails of the regular track, he finds that it will not run. He cannot alter the conditions, any more than the commander of a civilized army can turn his men, at a word, into a horde of Tartars or Arabs. He has unlimited power, so long as he does just what is wanted. The Emperor of the French is absolute on condition of being always popular. So long as he carefully watches the general desire, or keeps just in advance of it, he can do what he chooses; but if he refused to be bound by the conditions of a Hobson's choice, he would soon find his power limited. He is fettered by the completeness of his own authority. And if one man will not accept the position of being apparently the master and really the servant, it is not difficult to find another who will. When the science of governing is reduced to registering popular edicts, it does not so much matter who is the registrar. And that is the position to which governors, whatever the external form of government may be, are being more and more reduced.

In one respect this may be melancholy. If any man cherishes the ambition of altering the whole future of the human race, or even of one nation, he will most likely be disappointed. He will find out that the human race is very obstinate and stiff-necked, and has a strong tendency to jog on steadily upon its own path as it chooses. But a moderate man may be satisfied with what is still within the reach of many—affecting the fate of thousands, or even millions. A general may still throw away or save thousands of lives; a governor may execute or pardon a very fair number of rebels; and a Chancellor of the Exchequer may lower or raise the price of the tea of a million of families. No one must be disappointed if, notwithstanding this liberty of action, there is an enormously preponderating number of things which will settle themselves without reference to him. And it is no small satisfaction to the mass of mankind to think that their happiness and progress depend upon something more certain than the chance of finding a great man to secure it for them. There is some pleasure in the thought that nearly everybody would continue, after a time, to get richer and wiser and better, without much interruption, even if some new Guy Faux were to succeed in blazing up the Houses of Lords and Commons next Session—lamentable as such an event would be.

#### SETS.

THERE are some terms to which it seems almost impossible to attach an exact meaning. We have a vague conception of the ideas for which they stand, and we determine by a kind of instinct that they are properly applicable to this or that person, or this or that group of facts; but if we are asked to give an intelligible account of them, we find ourselves very much at a loss. All that can be said on the question seems open to objections which we foresee without being able to guard against. If we venture upon a definition, it is almost sure to include too much. Our criticism upon a particular type of character or a particular line of conduct turns out to be equally appropriate to something quite different. We are supposed to have praised what we never meant to approve of, and to have blamed what we never dreamed of censuring. A "set" is a term which falls very completely under this description. Most people have an indefinable feeling that it stands for something objectionable. To live in a set is commonly taken to imply subjection to influences which are morally or intellectually hurtful. But the moment we try to characterise this illegitimate form of intimacy we are puzzled where to draw the line between it and its legitimate kindred. Call one group of persons a band of devoted friends, and another a clique of exclusive acquaintances, and in the first instance you will have been giving high praise, while in the second you will have implied more or less of blame. But what are the precise features which distinguish the two cases? In both of them do not the people concerned select their own intimates? and if so, why are they to be thought hardly of for choosing the intimates they like best? Perhaps the true answer to this question lies in the denial of the identity of the two processes. The growth of a clique is the result rather of a sort of natural selection than of determinate and individual choice. Its members are drawn together in the first instance by the possession of common interests, common pursuits, common acquaintances, or a common neighbourhood. No doubt these things are of immense advantage in the formation of friendships, and so large a part



of social intercourse has no other foundation than some one or more of them, that it requires no little effort to recollect that they are after all the accessories of the relationship, rather than an essential part of it. They make the cultivation of friendship easier by furnishing additional opportunities for its practical enjoyment, and therefore in their proper place they are exceedingly valuable. But as we do not care for a man simply because he lives on the same staircase—though, if we like him for other reasons, it is extremely convenient that he should do so—the mere fact that we have certain points in common with other people need not, if those points are chiefly superficial, create an abiding, still less an exclusive, intimacy between us and them. This distinction may perhaps supply us with as good a substitute for a definition of a set as we are likely to obtain. It is a group of persons united by accidental and superficial characteristics instead of by that community of principles and tastes which forms the true basis of friendship. A single example may serve to put this somewhat more clearly. The common belief in certain truths, whether secular or religious, often constitutes a bond of this sort. And yet the truths thus held may very possibly have been accepted on different and even on contradictory grounds, in which case the common possession of them may imply no real resemblance of character in the possessors; while, on the other hand, the widest differences of opinion on the most important subjects may be perfectly compatible with an entire appreciation on both sides of the value of truth, and a resolute determination to arrive at it. In the latter case, we have a community of method and principle; in the former, we have only an accidental resemblance between two stocks of mental furniture.

Where men are concerned, sets usually assume a professional tone. The friends of a young barrister or a young clergyman will naturally be found among those who are in the same line of life with himself. As the opportunities of association with their friends become rarer, men depend more and more, for such social intercourse as they may stand in need of, upon the people who are ready to hand; and a change of this sort naturally brings into greater prominence the peculiar conditions by which sets are created. The inevitable weakness of all professional cliques is the absence from them of the really able members of each profession. If such men care for society at all, they care for it as a relaxation from serious work, and the extent to which they derive this benefit from it will depend mainly upon the completeness of the change which social intercourse produces in the current of their ideas. They will experience no pleasure, therefore, from the small talk of their own profession, because it only keeps them in the least attractive segment of the circle they are anxious to escape from; while at the same time they will gain none from the small talk of other professions, because to do so implies a knowledge of petty details with which an outsider is unacquainted. The personalities of a circuit mess will have no charm for a great lawyer; the latest news from the studios is only wearisome to a great artist; the scandals of a clerical coterie would be altogether alien to the temper of a great theologian. In the case of women, the tendency to the formation of sets necessarily takes a less marked form, and adapts itself as well as it can to the requirements of general society. Gossip supplies the place of "shop," and the voluntary pursuit of common amusements, or the wilful creation of common business, furnishes the link which professional employment so often provides for men. Fortunately, however, there remains one species of association in which both sexes may play an equal part. The theological set must be carefully distinguished from the clerical set, since to bring it to perfection it requires a proper mixture of the laity, and especially of the female laity. In its more respectable aspects, it usually assumes an intensely parochial shape, and in this way, with a very unnecessary expenditure of time and talk, does get through a certain amount of useful work. But pronounced religious views are equally favourable to the organization of sets, and then, whether the members affect ritualism or rationalism, they may be equally trusted to care about nothing else than the progress of their favourite opinions or their favourite practices.

The tone of such intimacies as these must unavoidably be pitched low. This is partly owing to the fact that the unity which is the condition of the connection includes persons of very different mental and moral calibre. The superficial agreement which is all that is demanded may be possessed by people who are alike in nothing else, and the type of thought and conversation, and the selection of subjects of common interest, or of opportunities for common enjoyment, must be adapted to those qualities which exist in all the members of the set alike. It follows, too, that intimacies of this kind usually take an extremely practical turn. There is a need of some symbol of association, of something which all can join in doing, whether it be starting a magazine, getting up a charity ball, or providing a High-Church incumbent with a set of correct vestments. And therefore the more completely these common objects absorb the whole time and energy of those who combine to further them, the more absolute will be the displacement of thought by action, of the occupations of the mind by those of the hands, the feet, or the tongue. This is especially observable where women are concerned, both because the tendency here described is one to which they are peculiarly liable, and still more because they will find plenty of people ready to praise them for giving the rein to it. To elevate the claims of amusement into duties, and to exaggerate the advantages of a practical turn of mind, are among the commonest delusions of female morality. In the case of married women, indeed,

the amount of popular applause is moderated by the conflicting notion that every hour a woman spends out of her nursery or her kitchen is one more chance of Heaven thrown away; but before marriage, a young lady may devote nearly every hour of her day to matters connected more or less remotely with her set, with a fair probability of being praised, according as her intimacies are frivolous or philanthropic, as a very sociable girl, or a most actively useful young woman. That she owes any duty whatever to herself, or to the society which must ultimately take its tone from the young ladies who compose and dominate in it, is pretty generally classed among those impracticable theories which are quoted as only another proof of how little men know about women. Of course in some instances the end for which a set exists may really be an extremely important one—although, even where it is so, it is pretty sure to be the least important side of it which is put most prominently forward—and we are not at all prepared to deny that these amateur organizations may occasionally be productive of positive good. The formation of them may give a push to some feeble cause or some neglected truth, and in the long run the world at large may profit by some people having made it their special business to bring these stragglers into line. But in this respect a public benefit may be a private loss. No doubt the division of labour vastly increases the gross produce of the world, and we get some millions more pins and needles because the manufacture of them is distributed among fifty different workmen. But the old handicraftsman, who made the whole pin himself, was less of a machine and more of an artist than the man who makes the fiftieth part of one; and in like manner the vehement assertor of a single truth, or the absorbed advocate of a single cause, may suffer in his own person from the very service which he renders to the world. He runs the risk at least of losing all sense of proportion, of seeing nothing but the one object which is always before his eyes, of ceasing to take any interest in the general progress of society—of becoming, in short, a man of one idea. And it is even open to question whether the kind of zeal which is generated and fostered by living in a set does not sometimes injure as much as further its own ends. We see the accession of proselytes, the gradual increase in numerical strength, which are to be put to the credit side of the account; but we do not see all those persons who are repelled by the very same characteristics by which others are attracted, and who may be led to extend their dislike of the machinery to the principles of which it is only the undesirable but separable accompaniment.

The chief obstacle to the dissolution of sets is the difficulty of persuading those included in them that they are mischievous. How is it possible to convince two congenial associates that, though they may be very proper companions for other people, they are very bad companions for one another? What sets want to make them intellectually harmless is a series of judicious crossings between themselves; but as this process would destroy the exclusiveness which is their principal charm, it is not wonderful that the members of them object to be parties to any such suicidal discipline. Short of this, however, the only prescription we can give to those who are afflicted in this way is one of extreme vagueness. Aim, we say, at the highest theoretical standard of your own set. There may, indeed, be cliques so frivolous that their only ideal is an excess of frivolity; but here the evil is patent, and the only question is whether this or that person has resolution enough to escape from it. The sets, however, with which we have been dealing have usually a certain standard of merit, which most of their members fall short of; and one great benefit of aiming at a closer approximation to it is that in the effort you will find yourself insensibly raised above the level of your companions, and so by degrees emancipated from the injurious influences of the set which they constitute. It may sound absurd to tell a young barrister to think more of the principles of law and less of the practice of his fellow lawyers, or to hint to an enthusiastic High Churchwoman that there is a kernel as well as a husk to theology. But if the people concerned will condescend to act upon the suggestion, we have little doubt what the consequences will be. It is the mere professional man who has the least comprehensive knowledge of his own pursuit, it is the emptiest-headed ecclesiastic who feels least concern in the secular pursuits of men; and in proportion as either is led to form a higher conception of his own special calling, he will learn to take more interest in co-ordinate subjects, and to see more clearly that in dealing with the complex organization of human society it is never safe to leave any human interest altogether out of consideration.

#### THE ARTISAN AND REFORM.

IT is probably rather in the comparatively unnoticed incidents of their gatherings than in the monotonous dulness of the reported speeches that an observer may find the key to the temper and opinions of the working-classes. A mere perusal of the newspaper reports of what was said by previously appointed speakers leaves us in total ignorance of the strong under-currents that are, in fact, the most interesting and significant part of the proceedings. We have heard till we are weary all that Mr. Edmond Beales has to say about Parliamentary Reform. His very sentences, and their turns and tropes, are like familiar friends, or familiar enemies, as we may happen to take them. The sonorous repetition of his favourite dogma, that a vote is the inalienable birthright of every citizen, and that the theory of the franchise as a trust is a wicked delusion and more devised by base calumniators of the people of England,

has, we should think, become a burden and an emptiness even to his own followers. We sigh in vain for a single symptom that he is in the least degree aware that there is one word to be said on the other side, one shadow of an argument for the trust theory, or that the theory is held by great numbers of persons whom nobody could accuse of being base calumniators of the common folk. It is perhaps this utter incapacity for reasoning which has made the efforts of Mr. Beales and the Reform League, and of one greater than Beales, to stir up the country, such a clear failure. For the modern artisan, in spite of the way in which his ostentatious friends are always treating him, is not a fool. He is at least intelligent enough, if not to pursue long trains of reasoning for himself, still to pay respect to argument. He cannot resist the temptation to applaud a big general proposition, when it comes in his way; and if Mr. Beales, or anybody else, is foolish enough to say that "a man has as much right to the franchise as to the air he breathes," the artisan is sure to shout applause. But the artisans are not the only class with a taste for huge unproved, unproveable, general statements. And as a rule he does not fill his belly with these husks. You may excite him for ten minutes by such talk, but the day is almost certainly past when mere declamation and invective can raise up an effective agitation. The experiment has been tried, and even those who have put most trust in its success can scarcely deny that it has proved a failure. This was not the fashion in which the Corn Law League went to work. Public opinion on that subject was informed and stirred up by an agitation of argument. There was plenty of declamation too, and no popular movement can be expected to succeed without it. But it is only the decoration of what listeners ought to feel to be genuine reasoning. Mr. Cobden did not content himself with windy reiteration of abstract theories. He took the arguments of his adversaries, put them in a fair light, and then demolished them. Such a method must always be irresistible with large popular bodies. If the Reform League had a sincere confidence in the desirableness of manhood suffrage and the ballot, a knowledge of all that is to be said against them, and arguments seemingly strong enough to rebut this, they would not long continue in their present position of declaiming nonsense to people who are only entertained, not seriously moved by it. The base calumniators of the artisan have never paid him so poor a compliment as his professed worshippers pay him habitually. The level at which persons like Mr. Beales place the discernment and sagacity of their hearers may be inferred from a very extraordinary argument which he addressed to them on Tuesday evening at St. Martin's Hall. After declaiming on the injustice of an Englishman being without the franchise at home, when he found himself invested with it as soon as he set his foot in any one of the colonies, he wound up by exclaiming that even in France they have the advantage over us, for "there every citizen has a vote, and that, too, in the election of his sovereign." Surely this preposterous sophism is too barefaced to be swallowed by the ingenuous artisan, even if he were as downright a blockhead as his base calumniators are supposed to consider him. To cite the example of a people who used their votes to vote their liberty away as an argument to persons who want votes as a means of getting more liberty is a delightfully cogent method.

But, as we have said, the solemn follies of Mr. Beales are not at all interesting, now that they have so long lost the attraction of novelty. The incidental demonstrations of feeling on the part of an enormous audience, mostly composed of the better or best sort of artisans, are more important, and are perhaps as too little known as the stuff of the Reform League is too much known. There were two points on which the enthusiasm of the audience was both deep and unanimous, and one of them at least is exceedingly remarkable. In the first place, every allusion to the American Republic was received with a vigorous demonstration, easily to be distinguished from the conventional cheers that greeted the airy propositions about rights and the air we breathe. The comparative moderation and placability of the victorious party, the speedy resumption of peaceful business, the cheapness of land, the high wages, were all equally set down to the inherent virtue of democratic institutions, and were warmly caught up by the zeal and sympathy of a democratic audience. The repeated comparisons between the position of labour here and that of labour in the United States—comparisons which took labour here at its worst, and labour there at its best, and therefore were rather more telling than they had a right to be—were greeted with deep and earnest acclamations. Even the audacious anticipation of one speaker, that in the course of years England would be absorbed by the Western Republic, was received certainly without any too patriotic discomposure, and even with a measure of approval, as if it were probably about the best thing that could happen to us. This was rather startling, but it was much less so than the other object of the strong feeling of the meeting. Not once and accidentally, but repeatedly and deliberately, did the audience express their sympathy with the outbreaks of disaffection in Ireland. "Unjust laws," said one speaker, a mason, "and rack-renting landlords drove Ireland to the verge of despair, and forced it to express its disapproval of the Government by means of rebellion." This pretty strong vindication of Fenianism was applauded to the echo. In fact, the name of Ireland could not be mentioned without a storm of sympathetic acclamation. More than one speaker declared that the first use they would make of their power, when they had secured it, would be to restore Ireland to happiness and loyalty. We need not say that there was

nobody present who felt it his duty to point out the exact means by which he proposed to attain this most desirable end. Still the profound and unanimous expression of feeling, even to the extent of sympathy with rank rebellion, was in itself very remarkable.

Nobody, however, with any knowledge of the habits of thought among the working-classes, can doubt their very sincere and disinterested desire that right principles and their consequence, in the shape of universal prosperity, should prevail. Unfortunately, their zeal is apt to lack discretion. They believe, for example, that, in the words of the chairman on Tuesday, Garibaldi is the great liberator of enslaved peoples "all over the face of the globe." They believe that we ought to go to war for Poland. They believe that we ought to go to war for Hungary. According to Mr. Beales, if working-men had had the governing power of the country, "Hungary, and Poland, and Schleswig-Holstein would not now be enslaved." In the last case, the fervour of the speaker misled him, for it is quite certain that the feeling of the working-classes was, on the whole, distinctly hostile to a war for the integrity of Denmark. As for Poland, it is very likely that popular ignorance of what a revived Poland could be or what it could do, and popular taste for fine talk about freedom and outraged humanity, might drive a Government into war. In fact, there cannot be much doubt that a strongly democratic Reform would be the surest means of exploding the current view of non-intervention. The artisan is too like a young man of nineteen or twenty in the more educated class. He overflows with generous enthusiasm. He insists upon regenerating the whole of society on severe first principles. Let first principles be carried out, though the sky should fall. A regard for times and seasons and conditions is the mark of a miserable votary of expediency, than whom by the enthusiastic lad and the honest artisan nothing is more abhorred.

One incautious orator insisted that it is the principle of the Constitution that the will of the majority should prevail, and that the minority should always give way. This, oddly enough, was meant for an answer to the "swamping" argument, though it is only just to say that another speaker got up and hinted that it would be a bad day for the majority when they refused to give the minority a hearing. But example is more instructive than precept, and the furious uproar with which the audience refused to listen to a person who wished to express his dissent from their own opinions was very significant. The unpopular minority were promptly hustled down the steps of the platform, and then thrust violently through a pair of glass doors, out of the hall, and were no more seen. The yelling of the majority, meanwhile, was nearly as riotous as that which disgraced the proceedings on the previous Thursday, when Sabbatarians and anti-Sabbatarians vied with one another in a generous contest of abuse and bad language. It may be noticed, too, that at the Exeter Hall meeting about Jamaica, the same evening, it was only by Mr. Newman Hall's influence that a man who took the unpopular side could get even a pretence of a hearing. Such scenes rather remind one of the memorable occasion in 1780, when the Duke of Richmond brought forward a Bill in the House of Lords for universal suffrage and annual Parliaments. It was the time of the Lord George Gordon riots. The Duke's enthusiastic encomiums on the justice, temperance, and moderation of the masses could scarcely be heard for the tumult which the said masses were at the moment raising outside in the lobbies. And his speech was interrupted by a motion that the House should go, in a body, to rescue one of their number who was in imminent danger of losing his life at the hands of the just and temperate mob. This is very like the propriety of thrusting opponents violently down steep places at meetings held for proving the self-control of democratic bodies.

#### THE PUFFERY OF VIRTUE.

IT is of no use to be wiser and better than your neighbour if you have no means of acquainting them with your superiority. The great advantage of the position, it would seem, lies less in the fact that you are wise and good than in the other fact that they are comparatively foolish and bad. This is a thought which brings real comfort to the virtuous bosom. Going one's own way in peace and quietness is mere false humility. The injunction not to let the left hand know what the right hand doeth is old-fashioned, and is now abrogated. A man who does good by stealth and blushes to find it fame is a fool. What on earth is the use of his doing good at all if he does not find it fame? But then the fact that he begins by doing good by stealth is, in itself, quite enough to convict him of being a poor creature. Happily for ourselves, the present generation takes a much more enlightened view of these things. A man does not enjoy the pleasure of being virtuous until his virtue has been well trumpeted from the house-tops and made publicly known to all men. Even the tiniest thread or thrum of well-doing or self-denial is made to undergo this befitting process. Teetotalism, for example, can scarcely be said to rank among the grandest and most elevated virtues. The most fanatical of total-abstainers would hardly maintain that to drink lemonade and tea instead of beer or wine is as valuable a quality in a man as a love of justice, or as fortitude, or truthfulness, or industry. One had better take a couple of glasses of wine after dinner than be an habitual liar. An occasional pint of ale in those who can afford to pay for it is a less heinous weakness than to be idle, or to prefer selfish interests to the requirements of justice and honesty. The little boy who abstains from over-eating himself at Christmas is so far



a good and wise little boy, but his virtue is not of heroic stature. No more is the virtue of the grown-up people who abstain from over-drinking themselves. And in any case their conduct is, or at least they suppose it to be, its own reward. Yet for all this, puny and self-regarding as the virtue of teetotalism is in those cases where it has not come to be quite as bad and objectionable as a vice, those who follow after it must needs have their good works proclaimed among men, and their names publicly advertised.

There is published every month a Temperance Magazine, "a monthly journal of intelligence," though as for the precise amount of intelligence about it there may be two opinions. However, there is no harm in this. But, like a lady's letter, this intelligent journal places the most important matter in a postscript. At the end of each number there is a supplement, containing "a Diocesan List of the Abstaining Clergy," that is to say, a catalogue of all the teetotal parsons in the country. Each diocese has a division to itself, so that you can lay your hand on the spiritually elect of your neighbourhood at a moment's notice. The list is carefully made up to the end of each month, and it is earnestly requested that "any changes, removals, or promotions of clergy, or new names, may be communicated." The matter is so hugely momentous that we cannot wonder at this urgency and precision. Suppose a teetotal parson were to appear in the list with a wrong address, or to figure as a curate when, in truth, he was a rector; or, more terrible still, not to have his name in the Directory at all, who could fathom the mischief that might ensue? Disgusted at the error or the omission, the abstaining divine might cease from his abstinence. Such an error might seriously damage his speculative prospects, from some abstaining patron, for instance. And, at all events, if a man has any merit he ought unquestionably to reap the full benefit of it with the world; and at the present day this object can only be effected by means of a printed advertisement. It is obviously a matter of the utmost possible moment that the public should know the name and address of every clergyman who thinks that a glass of wine is not a good thing. What a thrill goes through the reader of the December number of the Magazine when he finds, among the list of abstainers, the "Military Chaplain, Futygurb," the chaplain at Foo Choo, a missionary at Palamcottah, and the incumbent of Barrabool Hills. It is very lucky, we fancy, that the editor bethought him to add whereabouts in the universe Barrabool Hills are. After all, it is a wonderful and most gratifying proof of British energy and enterprise, that anybody should take the trouble to send word all the way from Barrabool Hills that wine and spirits don't agree with him. Then, there is another gentleman at Mombas who sends word to the same effect, and we learn with awe and reverence, and a conviction that we have improved our minds, that Mombas is in East Africa. Perhaps teetotalism is not the same thing in Africa as in England, because if Europeans are not teetotal in Africa they are pretty certain to die. And this is not the case in England, as the Dean of Carlisle himself is able to prove, for he had been incumbent of Cheltenham a great many years before he discovered the sinfulness of port. It is deplorable, however, to find the fathers of the Church so sunk in a figuratively vinous sleep, that the Dean of Carlisle and the Bishop of Columbia are the only two dignitaries who figure in the teetotal directory. Still, let us cling firmly to the fact that the good cause is being sustained by humbler instruments all over the globe, from Wigenhall in Norfolk, and Pocklington in Yorkshire, to Mombas and to Barrabool Hills. We wonder, by the way, whether there is anybody at Barrabool Hills who objects to playing at cards for money. There can be no reason why there should not be a diocesan list drawn up with the object of testing the soundness of the clergy on this grave point. The fact that the curate of Little Pedlington does not drink wine is not a bit more interesting than the fact that pork never agrees with him, or that he takes his bath with the chill off. If he has very little work to do, and suffers from a tendency to grow too fat, perhaps he is wise in drinking water; and we are charmed to know that he studies the well-being of his stomach, just as we should be to see that he refused to play cards except for counters, if he could not afford to lose money. Only we do not understand why he should send his name to a magazine, to be printed along with those of a number of other curates and incumbents who think that they are doing wisely in abstaining from strong drinks.

Not content with the solemn publication of their own virtue, the clerical supporters of the magazine get a vigorous assault upon another profession into the bargain. Under the pleasantly alliterative title of *Doctors and Drink*, the writer complains of "the utmost want of candour on the part of medical men who are opposed to our movement, and who recommend the moderate use of intoxicating liquors as beverages, attributing nutritive qualities to those liquors." In infirmaries, even abstaining patients are corrupted by the wine or ale that is ordered for their support. "Even the practical effect of the moral lesson involved in the visitation of affliction is to a great extent nullified by the beverages ordered in the diet table." The improvement and edification of having one's leg broken, for example, is more than nullified by the two or three glasses of port wine every day, for a few weeks, that are necessary to repair the physical exhaustion; the religious teaching of the chaplain is neutralized by the prescription of the doctor. A text, we suppose, is devoured in each teaspoonful of brandy. A moral lesson is washed away by each pint of stout. Of course we know the kind of story by which the

teetotal fanatic sustains his argument. The writer knew "the widow of a Christian minister," lost to all sense of respectability or propriety in her drunkenness; and she declared that "her downward career commenced by her taking wine on the recommendation of a medical man; she had not been in the least degree given to liquor before." This indicates a fine idea of the rationale of evidence. On another occasion, the writer, "returning home on the Sabbath evening, observed a woman engaged in an earnest effort to induce a drunken man to pass the door of a public-house." With their united efforts they were successful. The next day the clergyman called, and found that the man had been a reformed drunkard and staunch teetotaler, during which time their condition had been one of great comfort; but "in a slight attack of illness a doctor had been consulted, who prescribed intoxicating liquors, and the consequence was a speedy relapse into his former evil courses." It might be urged that this was just because the man had become a staunch teetotaler. If he had learnt to drink moderately he might possibly never have had the "slight attack," or, in any case, the doctor's prescription would have been harmless. But one must not look at these anecdotes too closely. They are like romances written with a purpose. But the doctors are finally crushed by means of a communication from a man who was formerly a member of a Temperance Society. His after career, therefore, is less surprising. "In an evil hour," says the useful penitent, "on rising from a bed of sickness, my medical man insisted on my taking wine and beer, to recover my strength, and said I must cease being a total abstainer, or I should be subject to continued sickness and not live long." The advice was taken, and the result was what it has been in "thousands of others." "For years I partook moderately, but ultimately it has gained the mastery over me, and has led to my ruin, having lost home, family, health and position." Poor gentleman! And through no fault of his own, but solely and entirely because the villanous doctor led him astray. The years intervening, during which he partook moderately, count for nothing. The power of his own will counts for nothing. The whole theory of the fanatical abstainer rests on the universal weakness and blind imbecility of man. Moderation is an absurdity, and whoever drinks at all must end by drinking to excess. Is there another country in Europe where a considerable body of people could be found to adhere to an alliance resting on a principle and defended by arguments that are such an outrage upon all common sense and experience?

We cannot conclude without transcribing a piece of Latin verse from the current number of the Magazine. Its delicate Latinity, its singular piquancy and pointedness, its truly Ovidian rhythm and gracefulness, must strike the meanest capacity:—

#### VICTIMA VINI.

EBRIOSI CADAVER LOQUITUR:

Victima Vini equidem quod me delevit amavi:  
Corpus, corda, animamque omnino perdidit ista  
Vini sacra sitis; vitam demisit ad Orcum!  
Et tamen hoc tantum mihi semper amabile damnum!  
Advena! jam, si vis alios servare, sepulchro  
Tu memor in nostro, precor, hanc incide querelam,  
"Ah, miserande! nimis dilecti Victima Vini!"

It would have been well to furnish a translation of the fourth line, because without this timely aid it remains a dark mystery.

#### OXFORD REFORM.

IT is to be hoped that some useful and moderate measure of Reform will be the result of the present movement that is interesting and exciting the University. Oxford, with its enormous and increasing resources, can scarcely be said to be playing the part in national education which it will some day or other be her privilege to play. In common with the sister University, it is most desirable that she should continue to educate the vast majority of those who are to fulfil the duties of Church of England clergymen. Nowhere else can they obtain so liberal and so comprehensive a training, and it is a matter of national as well as of ecclesiastical importance that they should go through the course of study which is thought beneficial in the case of ordinary English gentlemen. The first step in the cause of University extension has been taken by men who are perhaps more specially interested in clerical than in secular affairs, but the name with which they have baptized their programme commits them to consider fairly and dispassionately any wider scheme that may be proposed. The movement begun by Dr. Pusey and some of the Oxford Heads has since been taken up by the great body of the Tutors at Oxford, and by those members of the Professoriate whose Professorships are not merely luxurious sinecures. Many plans have been mooted, some useless and some premature; but the result of the long discussion will doubtless be to place before the public a solid scheme on which the most industrious and competent of the Oxford residents can prudently agree. The notion of a pauper college has perhaps by this time been abandoned even by its original promoters. It is open to the most insuperable objections. A pauper college, in the abstract, must always be a most questionable device. But a pauper college for the cultivation of English clergymen would perhaps do more harm to the Church of England than it could possibly do good. No wise man can soberly wish to see the future curates and rectors of English parishes driven into a collegiate pen apart from the other University sheep, and stamped all through their University career with some charity brand. A college or a hall of lean Levites would not thrive, nor

turn out in after life the sort of men that would really be most valuable in orders. Upon the other hand, it is to be remembered that any serious step in the direction of University extension involves a corresponding step in favour of clerical education. As the University draws to itself new and fresh blood, the Church of England will have the chance of coming in for a becoming share. And, over and above this, it is to be recollected that clerical is only a subordinate branch of national education. Many people seem to forget that Oxford is a national establishment, and has a mission to perform to the nation at large. How it is to perform this larger mission is the great problem which many of the most influential Oxford residents are at present engaged in determining.

The plan put forward by Dr. Temple has frequently been advocated by Oxford men of mark, and his own character and experience in the work of education are undisputed. He wishes in effect to do away with all restrictions that oblige University students to be connected with a College. Dr. Temple's end is better than his means. A large body of English students would doubtless be attracted to, and brought more or less under the influence of, University teaching. But against his plan for catching them there are great and cogent considerations, of which many people who do not at all wish to object to educational progress will think that Dr. Temple makes too light. It is perhaps a pity that Mr. Meyrick has encouraged the readers of the *Times* to convert an educational into a theological discussion by adding to his serious criticisms the old cry of "Nolumus Academiam Germanisari." But part of Mr. Meyrick's comments are undoubtedly sensible, and—what is as much to the purpose—they are likely to be popular. Too much stress may be laid, and often is laid, by Oxford Dons upon the importance of Oxford discipline, and Mr. Meyrick, in his time, has been both a Proctor and an Oxford Don; but to jump at once to the opposite extreme, and to maintain that all discipline is unnecessary, will be thought by many to be a perilous and unnecessary leap. The abolition of the collegiate system would destroy a valuable element of discipline, which, if wisely used, might be of consummate value. Nor is this the sole objection to Dr. Temple's view. The present Professoriate is wholly inadequate to the task which his measure would impose on it. Most of the non-collegiate newcomers would probably be men who had never enjoyed the advantages of public-school training. The education that Oxford would have to give them must be, in many branches of knowledge, elementary and minute. For such work the present Professorships have not been instituted, and would be inadequate. It would be absolutely necessary to create a sort of tutorial system, subordinate to and dependent on the present Professorial one, and independent of the Tutors of the Colleges. The best men could not be counted upon for such an occupation. The Colleges, indeed, can reward sub-tutorial work. They have lectureships, deanships, and tutorships with which to recompense the labours of any energetic Fellow who gives himself to College teaching. But the University has no such means of inducing men to become hacks. Succession to Professorships is naturally not quick; and though the individual Colleges are wealthy enough, the University, as a body, does not possess funds to enable it to create a sub-professoriate with sufficient prizes and emoluments to tempt active men to join. For the education of the class of students which Oxford hopes to attract, we prefer, in a word, a sub-tutorial to a sub-professorial system.

The most practical and least objectionable scheme would probably be akin at least to that which we described a fortnight ago. There is no earthly reason why there should not be absolute free-trade among the Colleges, and why the principle of the excellent system of Cambridge should not be applied to Oxford, and carried to any length to which the Oxford Colleges might choose to carry it. Each College might certainly be trusted to be responsible for the discipline of its out-college men, nor need the University at all relax its present supervision of Oxford life and manners. The out-college students would not be necessarily poor, nor would they be marked off by a barrier of class or caste from their in-college contemporaries, but each college might, according to its discretion, remit all fees in cases where it was desirable to do so. Caution-money for out-college lodgers would, *ipso facto*, become unnecessary, and caution-money forms no inconsiderable item in the expenses of an entrance into Oxford. The effect of the introduction of this measure of educational free-trade upon the place at large would be most valuable. The better Colleges would drain the inefficient ones, or have a tendency to drain them, of their undergraduates, just so long as, and no longer than, the latter continued inefficient. It is not Utopian to believe that before many years the whole standard of College lectures and of College tutorial teaching would be immensely raised. That extra sub-tutorial work would be imposed upon the more industrious College common-rooms, especially at first, is certain. Some of the first-rate Colleges could well afford to supply the want. Balliol, it is true, is usually supposed to be poor, but New College and Merton are as usually believed to be comfortably off; and, whether rich or poor, those Colleges which hitherto have taken the lead in University work would strain every nerve to do so still. Heartless as the suggestion may seem to Magdalene, All Souls, and St. John's, we are afraid that nothing serious can be done at Oxford without confiscating a fractional part of the endowment of the more otiose corporations for general educational purposes. Sooner or later it will come to this, and it might be prudent to supplement any scheme of out-college education by a plan of University subvention, to be collected from the richer drones and paid to the working bees, for purposes of

tuition, in proportion to the number of out-students each College maintained. We are far more hopeful of the success of a moderate measure of this kind than of the success of the particular suggestions advocated by Dr. Temple. In the first place, the measure is not open to the objections about discipline which in the eyes of many will be thought, if not fatal, at all events seriously damaging, to Dr. Temple's theory. In the second place, a more moderate measure would not interfere with the present Colleges. It would merely free them from artificial and unnecessary restraints imposed solely in the interest of the most worthless.

Little, however, will be effected in the way of Oxford extension unless some sound conclusion be arrived at upon the subject of University residence. At present, in the majority of cases, residence at Oxford is extended over the term of four years. We are far from saying that a University residence of four years is a bad thing for those who have the four years to give. But the *minimum* of residence required in the case of those competent to take honours, and anxious to take honours quickly, ought to be something very much less than three. The social and intellectual value of a real and substantial residence at Oxford might be secured by a much less exacting term than that at present imposed by force on all, except, we believe, on the happy sons of noblemen. Why future peers, or even younger sons, should be supposed more capable of scampering through Oxford, with credit to themselves, than future professional men or future country gentlemen, we really cannot conceive; but it is possibly a polite way that Oxford has invented for expressing her satisfaction with the British Constitution as it is. No one who knows Oxford wishes to see the present class of students encouraged to leave the University more speedily, but it becomes a very different and more serious affair when we are asked to assert that no one ought to go to Oxford who cannot stay there three years. Nor is it easy to see why the examination for honours in Moderations should be postponed till the candidate's course is half way over. Most public-school boys who are proficient scholars, with a reasonable amount of industry, might have a fair chance of a first class in Moderations at the end of their second or third term. And it may be seriously questioned whether men who, on their arrival at Oxford, are not as efficient scholars as the better sort of public-school boys, ought to be encouraged in prosecuting a study for which they have shown so little taste or turn. At all events, it seems ridiculous to keep back the efficient for the sake of those who are not so. We trust that, among the various sub-committees at Oxford, one at least will be devoted to the examination of the question of University residence. Oxford Tutors may rest assured that it will bear an important relation to the larger question to which their attention has been directed.

#### THACKERAY IN THE ABBEY.

OUR readers will remember that, some months ago, we drew attention to certain more or less questionable points in the scheme, then brought before the public by the prospectus of the Committee, for placing a bust of Thackeray in Westminster Abbey. We observed that, although the sculptor chosen had occasionally reached a certain success in busts, yet it was against precedent and likelihood that a foreigner could succeed with so typical an Englishman as the great novelist. We expressed, however, a hope that, as the advertisements of the Committee put forward, as a prominent point in their appeal for subscriptions, that Baron Marochetti "had the advantage of being Thackeray's intimate friend," this bust might be an exception to the law which had rendered his former attempts in the same line unsatisfactory. Another hope was added, which no one who has seen the building will think superfluous, that the sculptor would take some pains to render his work "as little discordant as possible with the architecture of the Abbey." And we lastly drew attention to the enormous sum, twice or three times that commonly asked, which was, or seemed to be, required on the part of M. Marochetti; being a kind of miniature reproduction, as it were, of the vigorous absorbing powers with which this artist has familiarized every one in the case of the Scutari Memorial, the Clyde Memorial, and the Nelson Memorial.

To this latter aspect of the matter we shall not here return. Our argument rested only upon the prospectus put out by the Committee; but beyond that, and certain complaints from subscribers which appeared in the journals, we know nothing—not even whether any statement of the actual expenditure has been submitted to the promoters. Nor is it necessary now to be anxious on the point. Except when we have to pay outrageously ourselves, as for the Nelson Lions, or when we have wished to save others from wasting their money, we have no concern with the vigorous absorbing powers aforesaid. Supposing that the sum was paid, if the subscribers were on the whole satisfied that they had received their *quid pro quo* in M. Marochetti's marble and Mr. Scott's bronze, no outsider would be called upon to criticise the *fait accompli*. But on the side of art a little more remains to be said. A few lines would, indeed, be generally enough to deal with a single bust of the ordinary kind. But this is not quite the case here. The Abbey is our Pantheon; it is a national concern. We are all interested in what is done to change or improve its appearance; in this sense every Englishman may say of himself what Dean Stanley is reported to have said at a recent meeting—"Westmonasteriensis nam; Westmonasteriense nihil a me alienum puto." The intrinsic badness of the sculpture within the Abbey, and its injurious effect on the look of the building, are grievances of long standing and public notoriety. Architects and sculptors cannot



fail now to be well aware that they work under the surveillance of a strong popular feeling upon this subject. There is a kind of implied compact, that if more monuments are to be allowed, they must be nothing short of first-rate. A failure, therefore, in such circumstances, should the facts disclose one, must inevitably be more closely scanned than when the interests involved are not of a national order.

Thackeray's features are so well-known that we may, we think, anticipate that they will be before the reader's remembrance. They were not such as would have presented an easy task, even to an intimate friend and an able sculptor. Quiet power and pensive sweetness were the two chief elements in the face; these were, however, modified in some degree by the active, searching character of the eye, and by a certain nervous quickness in the region of the lips, betraying that the great painter of our manners possessed that gift of humour and sarcasm without which he could not have painted us so truly. The forehead was a noble piece of the modelling of nature, full of fine curves and lines and subtly-combined planes of surface; the nose, from the day when the young writer dubbed himself *Michel Angelo* to his last playful sketch of himself, we all know was the subject of Thackeray's own amusing humour. The accident was so identified with the man that it almost became characteristic of him; no one could wish him otherwise; Lamb would have said he must have been born so, if he had not been made so; it was one of the little blemishes which make a face dearer to friendship. Let us add, as a minor though still a not unimportant touch, that no more thorough specimen of the Englishman of our century existed than was presented by Thackeray in his bearing and dress. He was classical, as Molière or Aristophanes was classical, by virtue of high genius employed on contemporary subjects, not in any way by look or manner. The image of such a head, modelled to occupy the place of honour near Addison, called certainly for no common skill, and would at any rate deserve to engage the greatest amount of diligence, finish, and taste on the part of any friend who should undertake it.

Disregarding questions of abstract taste, let us ask simply how far this bust fulfils its purpose? how far is it a true memorial of that countenance and character which we have above attempted to sketch? The impression it has given us is one which we shall be very glad to see reversed by the opinion—when it has been calmly formed—not of those too nearly interested in the management of the memorial, but of Thackeray's friends, and of those at large who knew him. We do not mean that it is a complete failure, such as most of the busts, for example, by Messrs. Noble, Theed, and Adams, or even M. Marochetti's own life-size statues, appear to be. To a certain point the sculptor has succeeded. Thackeray's features were not only subtly, but strongly, marked; and we have here a fair superficial likeness of those points in his face which would be remembered by a casual visitor. But we fear we must ask for no more. Thackeray is not here in the intellectual modelling of the forehead, or the keen insight of the eye; the mouth wants the graciousness of his smile, and the quick mobility in which one saw his satire. But these were the points which marked the man, and these are the province of the artist; the general contour is what would be found in the merest photograph. It might be enough to sum up by saying that this is a weak, external kind of portrait; that, despite the advantages of the artist and the importance of the work, it no way rises above his ordinary level; that it conveys about as much of a likeness as an amateur often manages to secure—a kind of art of which M. Marochetti's always reminds us. But in this instance it may be worth while to give such grounds for our criticism as can be offered without the aid of a print. To gain the amount of likeness specified, the visitor will find that a double process has been cleverly followed. The forms of the salient features—mouth, nose, and forehead—with the forward set of the chin, have been rather coarsely exaggerated; the minor details have been altogether suppressed. Nature generally puts her fine intellects into a corresponding framework; and in a man who had reached even the years at which this great genius was prematurely taken from us, all the region of the forehead above and around the eye, and all that lies round the mouth, are curved and channelled with the memorials of a thousand thoughts and impulses. In the beautiful phrase which Wordsworth applied to the mountains, they look "familiar with forgotten years"; they record a life's experiences. Only the detail about the eye differs greatly from that about the lips in quality; the former being mainly a tense surface over bone, whilst the lips have of course a much greater softness and mobility of texture. One hardly likes to dwell on these intimate points in the case of such a man as Thackeray; it seems like over-familiarity towards the dead; and with what tender and faithful care would they have been worked out and perpetuated by a true friend and a true artist! What, turning now from nature to art, is Sculpture unless she can render these things? But from this bust they are absent. M. Marochetti has not given the vital details we have imperfectly enumerated; he has not marked the distinction between the different qualities of texture. Bone and flesh are much the same in his art. All in the bust are smooth, rounded surfaces, which follow each other like the waves in a bad sea-piece. This is just the quality, as we have said, of an amateur's work; he suppresses and smooths because he cannot model and finish. "These conditions are so elementary," said the great French critic, M. Planche, of the sculptor before us, "that I am at a loss to comprehend how M. Marochetti has neglected them. We have here no question of style; nothing beyond the mere alphabet of art. To break these

conditions is the same as to be ignorant of spelling." Twenty years have passed by since M. Planche wrote, but they seem to have brought with them no improvement.

It would be easy to carry our analysis further, and point out in detail why the eyes in this bust, despite the little *russe* employed to indicate the eyeballs, are without light or vivacity; with what a passing glance to the laws of natural form the chin has been placed on the neck, and the neck on the shoulders; or what negligence of good feeling is shown in the naked breast trimmed round in an awkward flap, and brought harshly down upon a square pedestal. But we think we have given Baron Marochetti as full a hearing as the case demands, and, if the verdict go against him, it will be upon sufficient proofs of hard and undeniable fact. Something more, however, remains. We have hitherto spoken of this bust as a work of art. We have now to ask how far it is a fit decoration for the Abbey. The sculptor's part, we believe, ends with the white marble plinth or base just noticed, which he has decorated in a commonplace way with a sort of double scroll, decidedly Roman in character. Below this Mr. Gilbert Scott has put a dark serpentine base, cut with a coarsely profiled moulding, which, though presumably intended for Gothic, is so undetermined in character that we hardly like to pronounce it such. Underneath this, again, is a heavy bronze bracket, on which the name is inscribed in common Roman characters. The reader may almost judge without an engraving what the effect of this singular combination is, and, as lovers of Gothic, we are sorry to think of the impression it will leave upon men of taste, trained in the classical camp. As our wish throughout has been to discuss the question before us with reference to fact (upon which we take taste, in the permanent or real sense, to be altogether founded), let us add that the unsatisfactory look of the pseudo-Gothic pedestal arises, not so much from the want of delicacy and finish in the work, or the curious jumble of styles, as from the manner in which it has been imagined. Mr. Scott seems to have done little but copy, in bronze, one of those brackets which the Gothic architects often used to support a wall-shaft, when it was not wished to bring the shaft down to the pavement. But the solid form which was proper for stone, being a material of small tenacity, is on that very ground improper for metal, being a material of great tenacity. The form, again, which is massive enough to sustain fifty feet of shaft, is idle when it props two feet of marble. How differently would the mere common workmen of old have dealt with their bronze! How they would have revelled in its ductility, and sported with its tenacity! We had a right to require a first-class work, both on account of Thackeray and of the Abbey, and this is in no way such. Our readers have been reminded of the comments which the prospectus of the Memorial Committee called forth a year ago. We are rarely privileged to follow the career of a job so fully. *Qualis ab incepto*—the end of it is in harmony with the beginning.

One word more, also on a practical point, and we may drop a subject which, on every account, awakens a regret more vivid than we care to express. High feeling, and that reverential good taste which arises from profound study of the past, direct the present guardianship of the Abbey, and require no eulogy from us. Yet we have to confess with pain that the re-opening of the doors of our Pantheon, owing to the low state of English sculpture, and the little trouble which its patrons take to test the productions of our artists by reference to nature, has done nothing hitherto to satisfy the legitimate expectations of the public, or to efface the ill-effect of the monuments which were admitted in former years. Those doors will soon be opened again to admit the likeness of an Englishman even more conspicuous than a Lewis or a Thackeray. However the matter may be arranged, whether by vote or by subscription, Lord Palmerston's monument will undoubtedly fall, in one or other case, under the superintendence of the Chapter or of the Board of Works. Let us express a hope that the good taste and the good sense of Mr. Cowper or of the Dean will lead them to weigh in the scale of truth and life, not only the work on which we have to-day commented, but the similar works of our other leading sculptors, before they select or accept the artist. The field, when thus examined, appears to us to reduce itself to a much smaller compass than people often fancy; but that is because we know the extreme difficulty of such art, and are hence satisfied to think that poets in marble, like poets in verse, are inevitably rare. If we have been hence reluctantly led to express dissatisfaction with the productions of several contemporary sculptors, it is simply from the conviction that they are trying to do what they are not qualified for by this rare combination of natural genius and serious training. Should these points be disputed, all will, however, agree that the selection of a duly qualified artist is vital to the interests of the scheme. Only a great mind can produce a great work. This is what we desire to press. For it is certain that sculpture, monumental sculpture especially, admits of no "middle way." It is either success or failure.

## REVIEWS.

### LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JUAN DE VALDÉS.\*

THOSE who read Isaac Walton's *Life of George Herbert* are many. But doubtless not many will have heeded the few lines which, like a monumental stone by the wayside, the pious angler dedicated, in the course of those pages, to the "virtuous

\* *Life and Writings of Juan de Valdés, otherwise Valdesso.* By Benjamin B. Wilfen. With a Translation of his "Hundred and Ten Considerations," by John T. Betts. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1865.

and learned" John Valdesso. How he was loved by the great Emperor Charles V., whom he had followed as a cavalier all the time of his wars; how the Emperor and his follower communicated to each other the resolution they had each privately formed to quit the world; how, on a day agreed on, they received the Sacrament and heard a friar preach on contempt of the world; and how the Emperor and John Valdesso did perform their resolution—this story, Walton says, "he had from a friend that had it from the mouth of Mr. Ferrar." But though Nicholas Ferrar had translated Valdesso's *Hundred and Ten Considerations* into English, he does not seem to have known much about his author's life, for the whole of the story told by Isaac Walton is a pure fiction. In truth, Valdés, though not only a voluminous writer, but a person of mark, was involved in the same obscurity which hangs round the history of the other Italian Reformers of the sixteenth century. His name, indeed, having appeared in Bayle, is retained in all the subsequent biographical dictionaries. But they can tell little or nothing about him, and a reference to Hallam (Lit. 2, 367), so punctual in producing his evidence, will show how uncertain they were of the little they attempted to tell.

In the hourly revivals of buried reputations, when so many greatly inferior to Valdés are brought forward for honour, his turn has now come. Dr. Böhmer, the Librarian of Halle, has devoted his time to collecting and illustrating Valdés' very scarce works. In 1861, in an appendix to one of these republications, he collected all the facts he could find of Valdés' life. Two years afterwards he inserted in *Herzog's Encyclopædia* an article on Valdés in which more was told than had ever been known before of the Spaniard's life. An English admirer, Benjamin Wiffen, who dates from "near Woburn, tenth month," had engaged, independently of Dr. Böhmer, in the same labour at the same time. Mr. Wiffen says that he has recovered a larger number of Valdés' books than had been known to any of the biographers, and we gather that he has had some hand in the republication—partly in Madrid, partly in London—of the more important of these. The volume before us is a new English translation of one of these, *One Hundred and Ten Considerations*, to which Mr. Wiffen has prefixed a Life. It is founded on Dr. Böhmer's article in *Herzog*. But Mr. Wiffen is not dependent on this article, for he is well versed, not only in Valdés' books, but in the Spanish and ecclesiastical history of the period. Valdés' life opens a page of that history which is very little known, and which will be new even to those who are well read in the general history of the Reformation.

Juán de Valdés was a son of the regidor, or hereditary proprietor, of Cuenca, a considerable town halfway between Madrid and Valencia. Thus he was not only a *caballero*, or gentleman by birth, but was the son of a *hidalgo* of considerable possessions. He was one of twins; the two, Alfonso and Juan, being almost undistinguishable in personal appearance, inseparable in their youth, and so connected in their after career that it is impossible to write the life of one without embracing that of the other. Born about the end of the fifteenth century, Juan was introduced into life in the active and roving Court of Ferdinand and Isabella. But what had a decisive influence on his after career was that he then came within the attraction of that school of patriotic and farsighted men which is represented by the names of Ximenes, the Conde de Tendilla, and Pedro Martir de Angleria. Led by these men, especially by Angleria, civilization and learning entered Spain, though only for a moment. In that moment, and before the Church had time to extinguish the sacred fire, one generation of young men had felt its inspiration. To this number belonged the two Valdés. They obtained at an early age very considerable posts, Alfonso becoming Latin secretary to the Emperor, Charles V.; and Juan, at first *camarero* to the Spanish Pope, Adrian VI., and afterwards gentleman attached to the Emperor's train. Their talents and connections speedily acquired for them a considerable influence. During that short period, when the patriotic and liberal party appeared likely to get the upper hand in the councils of Spain, when even an Inquisitor-General protected Erasmus' books, the two brothers were active in promoting the movement. But this day of promise was short; the clergy were victorious, and the blight of the Inquisition was spread over Spain. The brothers became suspected on account of two clever dialogues which they had published, remarking on the abuses of the Church. Alfonso, who was with the Emperor in Germany, found it necessary to avoid returning to Spain. Juan, quitting the Court, withdrew to Naples, where he devoted himself to study, and to the improvement of his own moral and intellectual nature, in a circle of like-minded friends. This illustrious circle contained Bernardino Ochino, Peter Martyr (Vermiglio, a very different person from Peter Martyr de Angleria), Benedetto Corsano, Peter Martyr's fellow-student at Padua, Caserta, Flaminio, the Prothonotary Carnesecci, the Duchess of Amalfi, Vittoria Colonna, and, above all, Giulia Gonzaga. Valdés' ordinary residence was in the city; but he had a country-house outside it, in the beautiful suburb of the Chiaja. In this suburban villa he assembled his friends on the Sunday. After breakfasting amid the glories of the unrivalled scenery of the Bay of Naples, they returned to the house, when Valdés read some portion of Scripture, and commented on it. After this they discussed any points which arose in their reading till dinner. After dinner, lighter themes, literature or classics, formed the subject of their talk. Out of these social meetings grew Valdés' writings. The *Hundred and Ten Considerations* represent the morning hours; the *Dialogo de la Lengua* (Española) is a specimen of their table-talk. For Valdés was fond of pen and ink. "He is," he makes one of his characters say, "a veritable St. John the Evangelist; I believe

he writes at night what he does by day, and in the day what he dreams by night." The *Dialogo* on the Spanish language may have a real claim to be a report of some of these *séances*. The friends placed, unknown to Valdés, a shorthand writer in a closet, and they ultimately induced Valdés to correct and enlarge the notes thus taken. There have, indeed, been doubts raised as to the authorship, but the editor of the last edition (Madrid, 1860) vindicates it as due to Juan de Valdés. Even if not his, it has at least the authenticity which some of the Platonic dialogues have, of emanating from the Valdesian circle. The minute allusions and traits of character which it preserves for us are, therefore, reliable material for the biographer.

Juan de Valdés did not long enjoy this serene life of pure meditation and Christian philosophy—a life which many have dreamed, but which it has been given to few to realize. He died about the end of 1540. The exact time of his death, as that of his birth, is not known. It was a timely removal from the doom which was preparing for his friends, and for the hopes of Italy. The Church was now fully alive to its danger, had been gradually ascertaining its strength, and was preparing to give the deathblow to the new moral and intellectual culture which had grown up outside itself. In 1542 Caraffa succeeded in introducing the Inquisition into Rome. A few months after, Ochino and Peter Martyr were flying for their lives to Geneva. An emissary of Caraffa was despatched as inquisitor to Naples, with injunctions to root out "Valdesianism." The number of those who had imbibed the poison was estimated at 3,000, including three archbishops and eight bishops. The mass of the suspected saved themselves by some form of recantation. The nobler souls, who disdained compromise, had to meet cruel deaths. Faniero, Mollio, Caserta, and Carnesecci were among these. A crowd of more ignoble victims fell by a wholesale proscription in Calabria, whither the heresy had made its way from Naples. The fate of Carnesecci awaited the noble-minded Giulia Gonzaga, accused as his *complice et conservatrice*, the preserver of the books and writings of Valdés, had not death delivered her at the time she was under summons to appear before the Inquisition. When such was the fate of Valdés' friends, we shall not be surprised at the hole-and-corner existence which his writings have had for so long. His *Dialogo* on the Spanish language lay in MS. for 200 years, and was first printed from an imperfect copy in 1737 at Madrid, in Mayan's *Orígenes de la Lengua Española*. The first correct edition was that of 1860. The *Hundred and Ten Considerations* appeared at Basle in 1560, in an Italian version which had been saved by Vergerius, Bishop of Capo d'Istria, when he fled to Switzerland. There were two editions of Nicholas Ferrar's English, and two of a French translation. A Dutch version is also known to have existed, though it cannot now be found. The original Spanish is lost, but a new retranslation from the Italian was printed at Madrid, from a MS. in the Public Library at Hamburg, in 1860.

It is generally supposed in England that Mr. Babington has established Aonio Paleario's title to the authorship of the controverted tract on the *Benefit of Christ's Death* which appeared at Venice in 1542. Dr. Böhmer does not claim it for Juan Valdés. But the internal evidence makes it certain that it had a Neapolitan origin, and there is some external evidence pointing to the same conclusion. The Roman Inquisition couples the *Beneficio di Christo* with the writings of Valdés, in the original process against Carnesecci. There are parallel passages, both of sense and language, in the *Beneficio* and the *Hundred and Ten Considerations*. But these parallels indicate rather common origin than imitation. Both the books seem to have sprung from the Sunday discourses at Chiaja. The difference between them is that, while the *Considerations* are notes drawn up by Valdés himself, the *Beneficio* is written from the recollections of one of the auditors. In the same way that Laymann wrote down the sermons of Tauler. The offence of the *Considerations*, in the eyes of an inquisitor, was of precisely the same character as that of the treatise of the *Benefit of Christ's Death*. Neither of them controvert or contradict any doctrine of the Church. But they silently lead the mind to a direct communion with Christ which is far more dangerous than heresy to a corporation which claims as its own the privilege of saving souls. The attempts which have been made to fasten Arianism on the *Considerations* are simply ridiculous. Valdés was a reformer, but not a Lutheran or a Calvinist, nor a professor of any of the Protestant confessions, which hardly then existed, and were probably unknown to and uncared for by him. The passage which gave rise to Sandius's insinuation is in the 109th Consideration. Any one who chooses can refer to it. It contains nothing that can in the smallest degree justify the supposition that Valdés meant to deviate from the received doctrine of the Church on the divinity of Christ. Sandius having once set the ball going, it has permeated all the biographical dictionaries down to Hallam, who, while reporting the opinion, says that he can find no evidence one way or the other in the book. The fact is, that Valdés had no taste for the controversies of his day, and aimed at no alteration of doctrine. He neither thought of leaving the Church nor invited others to do so. His mind was preoccupied with the delights of holy contemplation and divine philosophy to such a degree that the differences of forms and confessions appeared to him matters of minor consequence. Hence he pleased neither party. While the Inquisition destroyed his books, the Church of Geneva pronounced them full of Anabaptist errors and blasphemies against the Scriptures. Beza, however, though denouncing the *Considerations* with the odious violence of his time, expressed more than once a great respect for the writer who had been the means of Peter Martyr's



conversion. The turn of thought which brought down Beza's denunciations was, doubtless, to be found in passages in which the Spirit of God is spoken of as the source of Scripture, and therefore by implication placed above Scripture (see *Considerations*, 32, 63). This was a favourite topic with Valdés, and we find him enlarging upon it in a letter written at a later period:—

Whilst a man studies merely in the books of other men he becomes acquainted with the minds of their authors, but not with his own. Now as it belongs to a Christian's duty to know himself, to know the state of being that he possesses as a child of God through Christian regeneration, I am accustomed to say that a Christian's proper study should be in his own book. I am accustomed to call my mind my book, because in this are contained my opinions both false and true. To this study the Holy Scriptures serve as our interpreter or commentary.

It is clear that in this kind of language Valdés has no new theory of Scripture in view, but is intent upon following up a favourite line of thought on the cultivation of the soul by inward meditation and devout reading. It was only the angry polemical attitude of the Calvinist ministers which could have prevented their seeing this, or led them to imagine that it was intended as an attack upon their doctrine of the infallibility of Scripture. The *Considerations* have been compared by Morhof to Arndt's *True Christianity*. The comparison, false in many respects, is true in this—both Arndt and Valdés were men of incomplete mental training and imperfect knowledge; yet they have each known how, in their several ways, to touch a deep note of philosophic piety which vibrates upon the inner ear of the soul, which speaks, not only to the simple or the fanatical, but to the contemplative—to all men in the moments of their highest consciousness. Both, writing in a time of heated polemic, and when the professed teachers of mankind had forgotten what they had to teach in the very vigour of their efforts to assert that they alone had authority to teach it—both, Arndt and Valdés, descended into the soul, and rediscovered religion buried under the superincumbent mass of theology which had been raised upon it. In the *Hundred and Ten Considerations*, as in the treatise *Of True Christianity*, not a trace will be found of the theological storm which was raging so fiercely without. The Lutheran Arndt did not escape his theological detractors any more than the Catholic Valdés—detractors who endeavoured to force an heretical sense upon some proposition which had not been penned with any dogmatic reference at all.

The two books had very different fortunes; for, while *True Christianity* was spread over Germany by the hundred thousand, only a copy of the *Hundred and Ten Considerations* has been preserved here and there in a neglected corner of some old library. This had its cause partly in the difference of the soils on which they fell; but partly also it must be ascribed to something in the style of Valdés' book. It remains to be seen if it will be taken up as religious reading, now that it is resuscitated. We are disposed to think that, even for this purpose, Mr. Wiffen would have done well to have reproduced Nicholas Ferrar's nervous and racy old English version. We are not able to compare the new translation (which is by Mr. John T. Betts) with the original Spanish. It may possibly be faithful, but it is often not English. What, e.g., is meant by "God is offended by the world's saints in the arrogance with which they prostitute themselves as saints of God" (p. 436)? More often it is that kind of English which, though not in itself unintelligible, requires a second or a third reading in order to catch its purport. The *Life* offends in this way as often as the translation of the *Considerations*.

#### LIFE OF SIR RICHARD STEELE.\*

THE solitary qualification which Mr. Montgomery brings to his biography is a very sincere and creditable admiration for its subject. He seems to look upon Steele as at once the most injured and the most deserving of men and authors, and there are no bounds to the zeal with which he insists that the world shall be brought round from all sympathy with Macaulay's disparagement of the involuntary rival of Addison. So far as it goes, this is an invaluable quality in a biographer. No genuinely good life was ever written unless the author had more or less of Boswell's temper about him. But admiration of a man's character and writings is not by any means the only quality which is required to fit one for composing his life, as Mr. Montgomery's book abundantly proves. No depth of love for the subject can atone for a thoroughly crude and undigested treatment of it. Mr. Montgomery has plainly taken a certain amount of pains in getting his facts together, but there is no sign of that close and ripened fusion which is so delightful to the reader because it gives him such a sense of confidence in the writer. The author repeats the same fact again and again, forgetting that he has told it us before, and so shows that he did not get a thorough grasp of his subject before he set to work. Repetition may be pardonable in a loose collection of notes or *mémoires pour servir*, but a biography ought to be a work of art, with everything in its place. For instance, in the preface, he tells us that "Sidney Smith, who may be presumed to be at least as good a judge of humour as even the highest of the depreciators of Steele, selected as an illustration of that faculty a passage from one of Steele's early comedies." Of course this refers to the well-known scene in the *Funeral*, where Sable, the undertaker, reproaches the too cheerful mute. "Did not I give you ten, then fifteen, and twenty shillings a week to be sorrowful? and the more I give you, I think

the gladder you are!" Sixty pages further on we are told again that "of the humour of that piece, Sydney Smith, himself the prince of humorists, was so great an admirer that," &c. The only improvement in the latter passage is that the Canon's name is spelt rightly, but even this is counterbalanced by changing him from a good judge of humour, which he was, to the prince of humorists, which he was not. Again, Mr. Montgomery is for a long time utterly unable to make up his mind whether Steele was appointed to his Gazetteership through the influence of Addison or that of Maynwaring. He begins by saying that Steele obtained the appointment "probably through the interest, not of Addison, by whom he was introduced to the notice of Lord Halifax (as has usually been stated), but by Arthur Maynwaring." Ten lines lower down he repeats, "This post he is usually said to have owed to the recommendation of Addison, who, having himself been introduced by Congreve to the notice of Halifax, Somers, and Sunderland, now used his influence, it is supposed, with these Ministers in favour of his friend and fellow-student." Here are two statements in the text plainly opposed. In the first, the author says the usual account is probably wrong. In the second, he transcribes the usual account as if he believed in it. Then, with indescribable oddness, he adds a footnote to the second statement, to the effect that "though it remains doubtful whether he received it originally through Lord Halifax or by the influence of Maynwaring with Harley, it is at least certain that it was the latter who made it of any considerable value to him, and raised the salary from a mere nominal amount to 300l." The reader who was ignorant of the subject before must have been dimly puzzled by this most elaborate bungling. But even this is not the end of it, for little more than a hundred pages further on we find the enemy appear again:—"It was to him [Maynwaring] that Steele probably owed his introduction to office, or, if not his appointment originally as Gazette writer, at least its being made of any considerable value to him, by his interest with Harley, who raised the salary from 60l. to 300l. a year." Rather more than thirty pages after this, the probability becomes certainty in Mr. Montgomery's mind, and we are told that "When Steele received it [the Gazetteership] during Harley's former secretaryship, by the interest of Mr. Maynwaring with him, he went to return his thanks, but Mr. Harley told him to thank Mr. Maynwaring." Why should he have wavered so ludicrously at page 69, have declared the matter doubtful at page 70, and have timidly hinted probabilities and left the "original appointment" questionable at page 188, if he can come forward with this confidence and authority at page 222? The clumsiness of the whole affair is absolutely insufferable, when we find that Mr. Montgomery knew at least one of the two passages in Swift which make it certain that the appointment was given to Steele by Harley, at the request of Maynwaring. One would suppose that nobody would dream of writing a *Life* of Steele without first making himself acquainted with everything that had been said about him by so well-informed and considerable a person as Swift. Such slovenliness shows that the author came to his task without any ripe and accurate knowledge of what he was to write about, and that he stumbled on the facts as he went on. And the question as to who gave Steele the Gazetteership, though it may not strike the reader as one of consummate importance, is in reality extremely interesting, because it explains why Steele was considered, and constantly called, ungrateful. As another specimen of the vexatious, unreasonable iterations of the book, we may mention that the long piece out of Swift's journal which is transcribed at p. 222 again makes its appearance at rather greater length at p. 376. Verily, as Dr. Johnson said of somebody, Mr. Montgomery is "a dead hand at a life." Otherwise, would he have ventured to reprint from Nichols the whole mass of Steele's letters? And only with Nichols's notes, too! The letters are of unspeakable value to anybody who wishes to know what manner of man Steele was, but nobody with the faintest conception of what a biography ought to be would have ventured to throw in great undigested masses, without an attempt to amalgamate them with the text. There never was such material for a biographer as four hundred letters from the hero to his wife, unfolding the inmost sensibilities of his heart, and his most private reflections, as well as retelling every particular of his conduct and daily life. But Mr. Montgomery did not recognise his treasure. He fancied that the best use he could make of it was to reproduce it bodily, without diminution or comment.

We may notice another instance of intolerable carelessness. It seems that Schlosser, in his *History of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries*—a book of vast deal more pretension than worth—disparages Steele. Of course this makes Mr. Montgomery very angry with the German Professor, and he attributes the Professor's spleen to some remarks of Steele in one of the *Tatlers*, very unfavourable to the German nation—remarks elicited, says Mr. Montgomery, "by the honour conferred on Isaac Bickerstaff by some German writers in a Latin dedication of a collection of Latin letters." The inquiring reader naturally turns to the *Tatler* in question, No. 197, and finds Steele talking some horrid nonsense about scholars and learned languages. In order, we presume, to furnish himself with a text, he pretends that he went to the Grecian Coffee-house, and had delivered to him a book very finely bound, and dedicated to him by a very ingenious gentleman. We don't know in the least why Mr. Montgomery should talk about the honour conferred by "some German writers," or about a Latin dedication. Steele only mentions the very ingenious gentleman, and says not a word of the dedication being in Latin, but only that it was "in very elegant language and fine rallery." This would make us suspect that Mr. Montgomery had caught the words "German

\* *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Richard Steele, Soldier, Dramatist, Essayist, and Patriot, &c.* By Henry R. Montgomery. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Nimmo. 1865.

writers" in running his eye over the *Tatler*, and taken no trouble to examine the context. But this is a trifle by the side of what follows. Steele, on looking into the finely-bound book, found it to be "a collection of letters which some profound blockheads, who lived before our times, have written in honour of each other, and for their mutual information in each other's absurdities; they are mostly of the German nation," &c. Can the reader guess who the blockheads were? Ulrich von Hutten was one of them, and the book was the ever memorable *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*. Was Mr. Montgomery too careless to read the whole number of the *Tatler* of which he quotes a part, or is he ignorant that the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum* is a book of the most extraordinary interest and importance? In the latter case, he may be congratulated on the fidelity with which he has drunk in the spirit of the essay in question, which was written against "the fool who has a familiarity with books." Considering that Sir William Hamilton hit this blunder of Steele's many years ago, Mr. Montgomery's complacent endorsement of it is the more unpardonable.

The author begins his book by expressing his admiration for that slightly worn sentiment "which never failed to draw forth the plaudits of a Roman audience, 'Nihil humani alienum a me puto.'" We may note, by the way, that, as Mr. Montgomery is so familiar with the history of the Roman drama as to know that the verse never failed to draw forth plaudits, he might have quoted it correctly, and said "humani nihil." However, he does not fail to act on the maxim. Nothing of human interest comes amiss to his book, nor indeed a good deal of what is of no human interest. It is an uncommonly easy way of making a biography to call it a life of the man "and his times." Whatever the man lacks, his times supply. Finding Steele's affairs would not well fill two volumes, the biographer makes it up by memoirs of his contemporaries. Steele gets drunk in the company of Hoadley, the Bishop of Bangor, so the author takes the opportunity to give a long account of the Bishop, just as if it were taken out of some biographical dictionary. Harley—who, as we have seen, is mentioned in the early part of the first volume—gets a long and elaborate life near the end of the second. These detached lives are thrown in anywhere in lumps, quite unfused into the body of the narrative. The effect is most startling. For example, we read about Steele being at the Charterhouse with Addison—the author says nothing about their friendship at Oxford, when Steele was at Merton, and Addison at Magdalen—and we read a good deal about their being thrown together when Steele launched himself into literature. Suddenly, for no reason in particular, the author, bethinking himself about the middle of the first volume, when Steele is near forty years old, and has known Addison some thirty of them, all at once marches off—"Joseph Addison, one of the most honoured names in English literature (born 1672—died 1719), was the son of the Rev. Dr. Launcelot Addison, a man of learning, amiability," and so on. We never get a stretch of clear reading about Steele, but are continually being shunted into sidings, where we find dates, names, and incompetent remarks concerning George I., or Bishop Berkeley, or Thomas Wharton, or one of a hundred other people. This is the principle of a biographical treasury, not of a biography.

It is perhaps worth while to notice the strange and hideous words which are sprinkled over the pages. One gets a frightful shock from such an uncouth spectre as "metempsachosis," and we read, with etymological horror, that Pope "jibbets" Budgell among his libellers—a horror which is increased as we find this unhappy man figuring more than once in Mr. Montgomery's pages as Budzell, and the Earl of Halifax as a *Macenas*. These and numerous other kindred blunders are only in accordance with the careless principles on which the book appears to have been written. The position of Steele as a humorist and a writer is a subject full of interest, and, in spite of what has been done to give him a place in public esteem more worthy of his merits by Hazlitt and others, but above all in the able and forcible essay of Mr. Forster, there is still plenty of room for a good book on Steele. We cannot see what possible good can come of so poor a performance as the present work.

#### SCIENCE AND LETTERS IN THE EAST.\*

AN interesting preface from the hand of M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire accompanies the selection of articles, first printed by M. Ampère in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which forms the volume before us. French Academicians are pleasantly loyal to the memories of their learned colleagues. The compilation of this work is a good illustration of the process by which France has gained her popular acquaintance with Eastern literature and antiquities. Abel Rémusat, Eugène Burnouf, Stanislas Julien, Jules Mohl, and others, draw knowledge laboriously from the fountain-head, slowly deciphering and mastering the classical and religious records of the three great Asiatic realms, Persia, India, and China. Ampère critically analyses, clothes with modern form and the brilliancy of Parisian style—in short, renders intelligible and interesting to the general reader—the results of the special studies to which his Orientalist brethren have devoted their lives. He is the faithful and modest interpreter of their original researches, at once an acute critic and an enthusiastic admirer. Ampère dies; and his work in turn is faithfully collected by M. Daremberg from the numbers of the *Revue* in which it lay scattered through some fifteen years, and is analysed by M. Saint-Hilaire with an equally friendly and discriminating admiration.

\* *La Science et les Lettres en Orient.* Par J. J. Ampère, de l'Académie Française et de l'Académie des Inscriptions. Paris: Didier & Co.

The essays are placed in the chronological order in which Ampère wrote them, or at least published them in the *Revue*. We move backwards and forwards from China to Persia, and from India to China, just as if we were still reading a miscellaneous review, but one to which Ampère had happened to be the sole contributor. It would have been better to place them in their logical sequence, in the three parallel lines of historical science to which they severally belong. The Persian is not, and within the compass of known history never has been, as far remote from the European as the Chinese has (within that compass) always been, and still is. It is only too easy and too natural to consider all Asiatic character and literature as practically lying equally far away from ourselves under the dim haze of the Eastern horizon. The student of M. Ampère's essays will gain a clearer and more impressive notion of what is characteristic of each Oriental country respectively if he will take them in order, and follow MM. Rémusat, Bazin, and Julien, as interpreted by Ampère, all through the religions and literature of the Chinese Empire, without interspersing an intermezzo of ritual or epic poetry from Persia or India in the company of Burnouf, Mohl, or Gorresio. The loss of variety will, in the eyes of many readers, be fully compensated by the gain in distinctness and methodical facility of recollection. This is, however, a matter of editorial arrangement, which every one can settle for himself as it best pleases him.

Since Rémusat wrote, and indeed since Ampère wrote his commentary upon Rémusat, much fresh light has been thrown upon the Chinese Empire, and the life and customs of its inhabitants, by individual travellers, as well as by military, diplomatic, and commercial intercourse. Orientalists of to-day possess a greater familiarity with the details of moral and religious philosophy, as well as with the social habits, which go to make up the national character of China, than their predecessors could attain in deciphering the outlines of that character by purely scholastic investigations into its language and literature. But that of which one of the most remarkable characteristics is an immobility which has lasted for forty ages, is not likely to have changed more than superficially, even under European influence, during twenty or thirty years; and the main conclusions of Rémusat and Ampère are probably still as just and as relevant as they ever were. The practical experience of French missionaries and French admirals upon the spot has illustrated largely the truth of many a proposition which the French *savants* had evolved from their studies, and digested into form while sitting at their desks in Paris. Such, for instance, is this remark by Ampère, specially referring to the construction and laws of the Chinese drama, but equally applicable to every other phase or motive of their social or individual existence:—

C'est le propre des Chinois, en toute chose, d'en être restés au terme promptement atteint d'un développement très-ancien, et en même temps de raffiner laborieusement et bizarrement sur ce fonds primitif. Il en est ainsi de leur écriture, de leur morale, de toute leur littérature: c'est toujours sur un motif très-simple une variation très-compiquée. On retrouve, dans tout ce qu'ils font, le contour à côté du naïf, le vieillard à côté de l'enfant. The significant forms which constitute all Chinese writing are invariably characteristic of a state of society extremely primitive in thought and cultivation. The nation from which we have reason to believe that mediæval Europe stole the invention of the compass, as well as that of gunpowder, appears to have fixed the fundamental constituents of its present written language before it had learned the use or value of metals. Some two hundred radical signs, capable of division, according to their subject-matter, into ten or a dozen groups, corresponding exclusively to the simplest classes of visible objects or the phenomena of the rudest life, have continued through all these ages to suffice, by the power of infinite combination, for the expression of the social and mental wants of the huge empire which still considers itself infinitely removed in intelligence above all outer barbarians. No newer factor (or, at least, none bearing a later date on its forehead) has ever added itself to the original stock of radical Chinese words or cyphers. The basis of the instrument of language remains in stereotyped simplicity; while its use is overgrown with complicated variations which, even in translation, seem to the outer barbarians to justify Ampère's term *bizarre*.

The Chinese theory of numbers, under which every conceivable object or notion is arranged in its own immutable place in the universe, is, as Ampère says, too Chinese for any one but a Chinese to understand:—"pour saisir quelque chose de tellement Chinois, il faudrait se faire Chinois soi-même, penser et écrire en Chinois." Every class of ideas is held to contain its own fixed number of ideas and no more. There is one category of ideas that march by two and two, another in threes, another in fours, and so on. There are, for instance, two natural principles, as heaven and earth, *vacuum* and *plenum*, &c.; there are triads of the three chief virtues, the three corresponding vices, the three most ancient kings, &c.; four seas, four mountains, four seasons, four barbarian nations; five social relations, five elements, five colours, five planets, five ranks, five sorts of corn, five intestines, and so on, up to the class which counts by its tens of thousands. Some indescribable relation of harmony is supposed to exist between the triads, quartets, and so forth, of each category; and to assert or attempt to prove the existence of more planets or colours than five would be an incurable heresy. To a barbarian brain the whole dogmatic scheme appears to be a corollary run mad of the mathematical proposition that everything which is the subject of existence at all exists in some particular number. Chinese numeration is no less grandiose in multiplication than in subdivision. To render comprehensible the idea of infinity, Buddha is said to have taught his votaries some process of squaring numbers which ultimately brought out a total of 1 followed by 4,456,448 zeros, known by



the name of the unspeakably unspeakable number—"l'indiciblement indicible."

M. Ampère devotes a special article to the third and least familiar of the historical religions established or tolerated in China. The literate class of Chinese are mainly followers of Confucius; the mass of the nation Buddhists, or else of the sect of the Tao-sse, disciples of the philosopher Lao-tseu. The founder of this sect was a contemporary of Confucius, and lived in the sixth century before the Christian era. The Book of the Way and of Virtue, by Lao-tseu, has been translated into French by M. Stanislas Julien, as well as another treatise on his doctrinal morality, called the Treatise of Rewards and Punishments. The legends which have overgrown whatever may have been his personal history represent him as the offspring of an immaculate conception, and, like Buddha, the subject of more births than one, under various conditions and in various ages. The doctrine of the Tao appears to be a sort of metaphysical complement to the vague deism and practical morality inculcated by Confucius. Lao-tseu professes absolute contempt for works, and proposes as the sole true aim of life a spiritual contemplation of the Tao. Tao is the most abstract idea of a supreme being, or rather of supreme and absolute existence; existence unlimited by any qualification of personality, spirituality, goodness, or other conceivable attribute; pure essence, because apart from all such qualifications; eternal essence, inasmuch as it is outside of all the conditions of time. In itself it is (M. Ampère tells us) the *ou pi ou* of Proclus, the Being that exists without existing; in its relation to the universe, it is the "ineffably ineffable," from which all being proceeds, and to which all returns. The adorer of the Tao recognises the emptiness of all the phenomena, physical or spiritual, of this world, and is in morality and sentiment equally indifferent to them all. His mind should be and remain a sheet of blank paper, since the quietism at which it aims would be spoiled by thinking, which is always an idle waste of effort. The nearer he comes to perfect absorption in the Tao the freer he is from the illusory lights of intelligence. Moral progress or development is contradictory to the aim of his being. Action is irrelevant. He arrives without moving, and accomplishes great things without doing them. The last term of perfection is absolute impassibility, "*le non-agir*."

According to the authentic precepts of Lao-tseu, the great secret of life is to *live* as little as may be. The greater use a man makes of the physical or intellectual faculties that are lent him, the sooner will the candle of his vitality be burnt to the socket. Given, on the other hand, a total abstinence from the use of all vital energy whatever, and a man need never die. He would grow immortal by pure abstraction. In the later treatise, by one of Lao-tseu's followers, on Rewards and Punishments, the doctrine of the methodical attainment of immortality is gently lowered to meet the necessary and imperfect conditions under which the human race is placed. Honouring of fathers and mothers is, among other good deeds, especially enjoined as a means of ensuring length of days. It is even hinted that a sufficiency of sufficiently good actions will, through a corresponding series of remunerative prolongations of life, result in immortality. The original orthodoxy of simple quietism appears to have broadened its bases so far as to tolerate a positive school of good works in the Church of the Tao-sse. M. Ampère refers to political alternations under successive Imperial dynasties, which probably led the sects of Confucius and Lao-tseu alternately to avoid or mitigate persecution by borrowing, each in its turn, some of the more popular features of its more fashionable rival. It is obvious that the tendencies of the Tao-sse doctrine are marked by a considerable analogy to those of Buddhism, which shares with it the protection or toleration of the State authorities in China, and boasts more votaries than any other religion known to the race of man. Whoever wishes to inquire at greater length into the depth of the vital analogies and distinctions between these two forms of popular religion in China may consult with profit and interest a later and more detailed treatise than Ampère's—*Le Bouddha et sa Religion*, by M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire.

#### DR. MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS.\*

**DR. MARIGOLD'S** *Prescriptions*, upon the whole, is not quite equal to the level of Mr. Dickens's usual Christmas number. Every December Mr. Dickens has to perform a Herculean task. He has not only to write something for a large and curious circle of readers which shall be equal to his own reputation, but to float some half-dozen literary gentlemen, some of whom are in the heavy comic line, by lashing them to himself. And it must be confessed that Mr. Dickens is one of the best imaginable literary steamtugs. He sets off with much pluck and spirit, he is never depressed by the weight that he has to tow, and he sees his fellow-writers all safely into port again with unabated cheerfulness and apparent good-humour. The six or seven productions which form the inside of his December mincepie cannot exactly be called padding. Padding is a solid, respectable, stuffy kind of thing, and if any one likes to wade through one more magazine article about the authorship of Junius's Letters, or one more depressing diary about an ascent of Monte Rosa, there is not the faintest reason why he should not please himself. But the inside confectionery which Mr. Dickens wraps up so carefully in a cover of well-known manufacture is not nearly as wholesome or as substantial as padding, and cannot give anybody much satisfaction—not even the persons who write it. On the other

hand, Mr. Dickens himself, with his many faults, is always worth reading. He writes a good deal that cannot be said to be faultless, and yet he seldom writes half a page that does not bear some traces of remarkable and extraordinary talent. Considering their modest price, it is not, therefore, wonderful that *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions* should be likely to be taken in large quantities. But, before they are taken, *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions* ought, beyond a doubt, to be well shaken. And if the shaking manages to shake out all the inside matter, and to leave between the purchaser's thumb and finger the clever preface and the epilogue between which Mr. Dickens has allowed his collaborateurs to insert their flummery, no great harm will be done.

It is singular that the majority of distinguished writers of the present generation have allowed themselves to contract a style too marked and distinct to be perfectly classical and pure. Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Carlyle, Lord Macaulay, Mr. Thackeray, and Mr. Dickens, all are known by peculiarity of manner that at times degenerates into mannerism. The charge holds good in particular of Mr. Dickens, and it is in his fugitive pieces that the mannerism generally strikes us as most faulty. It is not certainly by these lighter efforts that he ought to be judged. The two characteristics to which he owes his reputation are beyond all doubt his sentiment, and his share of that humour which really forms a part of sentiment, though it is often considered as independent of it. As a sentimentalist, Mr. Dickens in his best moments has not often been surpassed in English literature. His bizarre and grotesque literary taste, and the curious light under which he sees almost all the common things and the common events of life, drag him down, in his intervals of weakness, into the mire. But, with all his failings and vulgarities, Mr. Dickens at his best is a very great author, and a consummate sentimentalist. His attempts to portray or to caricature or to satirize the upper classes of society have always been ludicrous failures. When Mr. Dickens enters a drawing-room his genius deserts him, and hurries down the kitchen stairs into more congenial company. One is in danger, accordingly, of forgetting the astonishing power with which he draws life in its less polished but equally healthy and vigorous forms. His sympathy for poor people is real and unaffected, and helps to make him the great writer he is; and when we look through all the romantic literature of the day, and see how little genuine feeling there is that comes up in power and pathos to Mr. Dickens's feeling for the poor, we cannot but acknowledge the charm that this trait lends to most of what he produces. This makes him the very writer for Christmas. There is a warmth and a cheeriness in his stories that reminds one of the mistletoe and the holly. Nor is Mr. Dickens satisfied with being himself full of warmheartedness and sentiment. Whatever he is describing, whether it be animate or inanimate nature, must fall in with and follow in his train. Orpheus, as the legend goes, made the trees come dancing after him, and Mr. Dickens is not above performing the same feat with the chairs and tables, and the rest of the furniture of the rooms upon which his fancy descends. He has only to strike the right key-note, and immediately a concert begins about him, in which the kettles on the hearth begin to sing, and the fire to talk, and the fire-irons and the fender to smile, and all together to chime in with the lyrical poem which forms the chief subject-matter of the chapter. Nobody expects to find in his Christmas number the sentiment and the humour which might be looked for in larger works, but it is not difficult to discover something of the same tone. Doctor Marigold's description of little Sophy's death, for example, is not meant to compete with twenty similar pictures that Mr. Dickens has drawn already; but there are little pathetic touches in it which no one in our day, except Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens, is in the habit of producing. Little Nell is a far more finished portrait than little Sophy, but little Sophy bears quite the same relation to little Nell that a Christmas number of *All the Year Round* does to a two-volume novel.

Some ingenuity is annually shown by Mr. Dickens in devising an idea which may serve to fasten together a number of unconnected and chiefly worthless tales. This time Dr. Marigold, a travelling Cheap Jack, supplies the connecting thread which is to stitch the incongruous assemblage; and in the first chapter the Doctor introduces himself to, and in the last takes leave of, his Christmas audience. The Doctor is a creation after Mr. Dickens's own heart, and in his usual manner. The inside of a travelling caravan has always been a favourite picture with the author of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and Dr. Marigold's waggon, as well as little Sophy, carries us as far back as the days of the *Old Curiosity Shop*. The giant with weak eyes and weak knees, who is called Rinaldo di Velasco, but whose real name is Pickleason; the Cheap Jack's dog, who had taught himself entirely out of his own head to growl at any purchaser in the crowd who bids as low as sixpence, are like old acquaintances. And the Doctor himself is a sketch belonging to an unmistakable pencil. His connection with travelling vans, according to his own account, has been hereditary. His father's name was William Marigold. It was in his lifetime supposed by some that the name was William, but Dr. Marigold's father always consistently said, No, it was Willum. On which point Dr. Marigold contents himself with looking at the argument this way:—If a man is not allowed to know his own name in a free country, how much is he supposed to know in a land of slavery? Dr. Marigold's own name of Doctor is nearly as mysterious. It commemorates an event that happened at a very early period in his career:—

A doctor was fetched to my own mother by my own father, when it took place on a common; and in consequence of his being a very kind gentleman,

\* *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions*. The Extra Christmas Number of "All the Year Round." Conducted by Charles Dickens.

and accepting no fee but a teatray, I was named Doctor out of gratitude and compliment to him. There you have me. Doctor Marigold.

Some of the reflections to which the Doctor gives birth deserve to be commemorated, and are not altogether unworthy of the Doctor's many predecessors. The teatray which represented a large lady "going along a serpentine up-hill gravel walk to attend a little church—two swans having likewise come astray with the same intentions," and the frying-pan "artificially flavoured with essence of beefsteaks to that degree, that you've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and dripping in it, and there you are replete with animal food," both belong to a collection with which most of us have long been familiar. And the Cheap Jack of the narrative is quite as much at home in moral sentiment as in description. His view of human life is sufficiently profound:—

You can't go on for ever, you'll find, nor yet could my father, nor yet my mother. If you don't go off as a whole when you are about due, you're liable to go off in part, and two to one your head's the part.

Doctor Marigold's parents went off in part accordingly, and their head was the part in question. The Doctor himself is not particularly strong in that quarter, and if any one feels inclined to think that he is weakminded, especially about the two Sophias, it is to be recollected that weakmindedness has run in his family. The little plot of the story, if plot it can be conscientiously called, ought not to be divulged by a reviewer. It is enough to say that, though old and slight, it is pleasantly and genially developed, and that Mr. Dickens—though he is not always equal to himself—has no reason to be ashamed of the few pages which he has devoted to the amusement of Christmas firesides.

The pity is that he does not turn his attention annually to something a little better, and on a larger scale. A Christmas book by Mr. Dickens used to be one of the entertainments of the season. It has been succeeded by a witty and pleasing chapter in which Mr. Dickens attempts to carry off the absurdity and the dead weight of the chapters which his joint-stock company have added to his. The Irish legend which comes second in *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions*, and which is "not to be taken at bedtime," might, we believe, be taken with perfect impunity at that or any other hour, even in the most haunted house. The narrative of the composer of popular conundrums, like popular conundrums in general, is very deadly; and if any man is capable of spending his life in producing rebuses, it is possibly the gentleman who has devoted so much of his valuable time to composing Chapter III. in *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions*. Stories of a Quakeress, of a detective policeman, and of a murdered man's ghost follow. They are very poor and very stupid, and are only fit for perusal in a railway train at that critical period when all the daily papers have been exhausted, and no book or periodical of any kind is to be had within a hundred miles. *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions* are to be had for a moderate sum. Mr. Dickens is doubtless worth it all; but we very much doubt whether his assistants are worth the paper on which their efforts of genius have been printed.

#### • HOW WILL IT END? •

IT is, to say the least, doubtful whether an historical novel the time of which is laid in 1643-4 can be of any possible benefit to any human being. It is true that no time could be chosen which has in itself such unflinching interest to all educated Englishmen. In spite of the two centuries between us, no detail of the momentous struggle of those days is forgotten. We strive to follow each move of the skillfully contested game; we love and reverence the great men of the party we have chosen, and show much more eagerness in defending Pym or Strafford from a calumnious story than we should display on behalf of Earl Russell or Lord Derby. But this strong personal interest which we all feel in the true story of those years is a grievous hindrance to the success of any novelist who may be rash enough to use the grand, manly, stand-up fight of which we are all so proud as a frame to his picture of some pitiful commonplace love-story. It is hardly possible that the milk for babes and the strong meat for men should, when combined, form a wholesome diet for either. We therefore think Miss Strickland ill-advised in attempting to interest us in the loves of Althea Woodville and Major Philipson, six months before Marston Moor; though, at the same time, the manner in which she has executed her task constrains us to allow that, in this particular case, the time selected is of the smallest possible importance. That such a book as this should have been seriously written, printed, and published, is a fact for which we can account on no plausible theory whatever. It may have happened that Miss Strickland, in the preliminary studies for her voluminous histories, accumulated materials for which she could not find their appropriate niche, and that these three volumes are written only for the sake of "rummaging the old-fashioned wardrobes" of our ancestors, and "explaining the uses of their ponderous furniture," which, on Lord Macaulay's authority, we may admit as some small part of the proper functions of an historical novel. This theory would account for such passages as the one, four pages long, of which we extract the opening sentence:—

The lightly canopied alcove bed was furnished with draperies and hangings of the finest and most snowy damask linen that the looms of Holland could produce, lined with slight rose-coloured taffeta.

\* *How Will it End?* A Novel. By Agnes Strickland. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1865.

This is a fair sample of numerous long descriptions of furniture, besides which we have the materials of each meal given with the precision of a cookery-book. We are told more than once that tea, coffee, and chocolate were unknown in that age; and one of the characters is killed off in the first volume to give an opportunity of describing the medical practice of the seventeenth century. The composition of bishop and of flip are both given at full length, and we are glad to discover that the latter bears a very strong resemblance to the beverage still known by that name. The incidents of dress are of course utilized, and we hear of cypress, bombax, crape, taffeta, and tiffany in a way which somewhat reminds us of the favourite "isabel and silver" of Mr. G. P. R. James. All this is quite harmless, but goes very little way towards explaining to us the modes of thought and principles of action of the generation which transacted the critical events of English history. The manner in which this is attempted in the work before us is too ludicrous to be offensive, though the author certainly does her best to make her work obnoxious to that large part of England which thinks the Parliament, on the whole, in the right.

Every reader of Miss Strickland's former works will be prepared to expect that in this novel the virtues are incarnated in the Cavaliers, and the vices in the Puritans, and to such division of things in a moderate way no one would object. This disposition has, however, been carried so far that any faint resemblance to human beings is entirely lost. All the evil qualities which Royalist caricatures attributed to the different Roundhead leaders, Miss Strickland has collected together and labelled Colonel Briggs. She was undoubtedly fortunate in lighting on a real Puritan colonel of whom it could not be denied that his name was Briggs, and to whom, therefore, all atrocious deeds might with probability be attributed. He has hitherto been known to the public, especially if not altogether, from a note in *Rokeby*, in which is narrated an attempt to murder him by a certain Philipson, called "Robin the Devil," who is the Cavalier hero of the novel. As it appears that Miss Strickland claims the latter as an ancestor, it may be proper on her part to give a slightly different version of the story; but has she considered that perhaps some of her readers may have exactly the same interest in Colonel Briggs? It is too cruel to describe, without authority, one's ancestor as having a "low retreating forehead, swart, contracted brow, harsh features, and forbidding expression," and acting in strict accordance with his prepossessing appearance. The other Puritan characters do not fare very much better, being all described as of loathsome visage, generally hypocritical character, and without exception eager to preach a sermon at a moment's notice to willing or unwilling hearers. We cannot help thinking Miss Strickland takes an unfair advantage of our additional two hundred years' experience of sermons, which has no doubt rendered us more intolerant in that matter than our less enlightened predecessors. But we do not at all believe that, even in that day, people submitted to the calmness here attributed to them. In one scene, more grotesquely absurd than any we remember, the heroine is calmly abandoned to the incoming tide on Lancaster Sands by a body of fourteen Puritans, all of the male sex, any one of whom could have saved her without difficulty. Colonel Briggs is the only one who is represented as animated by any motive but sheer cowardice, and he offers her the alternative of death or matrimony. She of course chooses the former; he gallops off; and the only two remaining miscreants, who are delayed a few moments in detaching the horses from the coach before making their escape, improve the occasion as follows:—

"Farewell, mistress!" cried Antipope, who had now mounted. "You will have time to pray, and if you heartily repent you of your sinful vanities, grace may abound."

"Ay, wrestle in prayer till your lamp be trimmed, and mayhap it may burn brightly before the waters be upon you," said Daniel, "and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul, poor maiden."

This is caricature far too gross to offend the most inveterate worshipper of the Puritans. The example we have given is perhaps the most glaring instance of the fault which besets the whole work. Miss Strickland appears to have taken all the libels of the Cavaliers on their opponents for sober descriptions of reality, and not to have considered that, even if true in every particular, they could not, in the nature of things, contain the whole truth. If a reader could for a moment believe in the accuracy of the presentment, no doubt he would revolt from a cause which had such supporters, and we suppose the author's purpose would be attained. But all the characters are so obviously mere puppets to illustrate Miss Strickland's theories of history, that we can be no more stirred by feelings of sympathy or indignation than we should be in witnessing the vagaries of so many lunatics. It must be said that the Cavaliers are scarcely more like human beings than the Puritans, and they speak a jargon, if possible, still less resembling our notions of what men and women ever could have said to each other. The language used in many of their dialogues has indeed become rather prevalent in certain kinds of writing, but we hope—and indeed believe—has never been, and will never be, a spoken tongue. In almost the first scene of the book, a daughter, after very properly reading a portion of Taylor's *Holy Living* (some years before it was accessible to the world in general), begins an argument with her Puritan mother on the questions of the day, and proceeds to expound the text of "Fear God and honour the King" in this fashion:—"It was to heathen emperors the Apostle alluded, my mother, and recommended obedience," &c. &c. Of course her mother has nothing to the purpose to say in reply.



The scene of a very great part of the story is laid at Calgarth, on the banks of Windermere, and in Lang Holm, its principal island, which Miss Strickland usually calls tautologically the Long Holme Island. We cannot advise any one to use the work as a guide-book in these days, as the lake seems to have shrunk considerably since the seventeenth century, at least if it is true that it was then "little over five miles" from Bowness to Calgarth, and if it was then possible for two houses to exist on Belle Isle, one in the centre of the island, and the other half a mile off. Any reader not knowing something of the localities will be hopelessly puzzled to follow the journey over Lancaster Sands, which appears to end where it began. We did at last discover what is meant, and we hope every reader will be grateful for the information we give, that the "Feathers" is at Hest Bank, and the "Travellers' Rest" at Kent's Bank, to which Miss Strickland, for some inscrutable reason, gives the same name.

Several attempts are made at Lancashire and Westmoreland dialect, but rather unsuccessfully. Many of the peculiar words are quite correct (we think "rile" improbable), but we cannot remember any complete sentence which would be taken by a native for his own tongue. The comic scenes are inexpressibly dreary. The fun is produced by the simple devices which, exhibited in pantomimes, provoke the laugh of youth—e.g. Bethuliel preaching, with a chair for his pulpit, a malignant gives the leg of the chair a jerk which upsets the preacher to the extent of "beating out several of his front teeth, and dreadfully bruising his mouth and nose." There are certain quasi-supernatural appearances which, since they are finally—not explained, but—attributed to legerdemain, we should consider as an attempt to produce interest under false pretences, had they excited any interest worth mentioning.

We consider the title, not appropriate, but dangerously suggestive. "How will it end?" is not a question at all likely to be asked; but any of those painful readers whose conscience will not let them lay aside unfinished a book once begun are likely to have a very lively interest in the allied question, "When will it end?"

#### CHRISTMAS BOOKS AND GIFT-BOOKS.

(Second Notice.)

MESSRS. CASSELL seem to set themselves the task of working out a specialty. It is to publish in serial numbers the chief English classics in an illustrated form. There is nothing new in this. A century ago it was the fashion for the trade to publish Family Bibles, Family Histories of England, and Family Voyages and Travels, all in large folio, all put out in weekly, or monthly, numbers, and all full of large coarse copperplate prints. Middle-aged men of the present day may remember their childhood being bored, or the reverse, by these ponderous illustrated books. The late Alderman Kelly carried to a great extent this periodical mode of publication. Through Mr. Charles Knight it has descended to Messrs. Cassell. We find in this form *Gulliver's Travels*, with somewhat coarse drawings by Mr. Morton. There is, however, a very respectable biography of Swift, and the notes are intelligently written. After all, *Gulliver* is not a good book to illustrate; the caricature and exaggeration, and the contrasts of impossible gianthood and dwarfhood, require a little vagueness. There are many delicate thoughts which will not endure the *oculis subjecta fidelibus*. Our eyes revolt at what causes little embarrassment to the mental faculties.

The *Life of Man Symbolised*, &c. (Longmans) is in many respects the most ambitious book of the season. It is a sort of continuation, in plan and style, of an Emblem-book after Cats—by the same publisher, the same illustrator, Mr. Leighton, and the same editor, Mr. Pigot—which appeared two or three years ago. The plan of the present volume is most elaborate; human life in all its aspects, the Seven Ages symbolized by the natural year, and all literature, prose and verse, sacred and profane, foreign and domestic, are laid under contribution to illustrate this familiar idea. The result is a sort of commonplace-book, full, suggestive, and varied, but somewhat embarrassing by its very richness. Emblem, motto, type, and apologue—we have them all; and there is the most ample material for thought and meditation. The illustrations are generally after the old stiff Dutch manner; but now and then the artist has tried a development of the Durer style, and occasionally he adopts complete modernisms. What is lost in artistic unity is gained in general interest; and though we think that sometimes the allegory and allusion of the references is strained and far-fetched, yet the collection does great credit to a profuse course of reading, and great ingenuity in devising resemblances in unressembling things—a sign, as Aristotle says, of cleverness.

We are not sure that Mr. Millais' fame has been at all advanced by his book illustrations; and we are quite certain that no artist of such genius ever turned out such miserable drawings as some of these. Mr. Strahan has made a collection—not, we think, a complete one—of his book-drawings for *Olley Farm and Good Words*. The very worst of them, and there are many bad, exhibit traces of power; but on wood Mr. Millais feels himself a chartered libertine. He seems to worship the ugly for the very sake of ugliness; and it does not follow that, because an etching is black and smudgy, it has depth and power. However, there is considerable artistic value in the collection; more is to be learned from a great man's whims and caprices and failures than from the smooth mediocrity of commonplace. And there is not only great thought in what Millais has done, but materials for thought in those who choose to study Millais, both in his strength and weakness.

Messrs. Bell & Daldy publish a most sumptuous edition of *Legends and Lyrics* by Miss Procter (Barry Cornwall's daughter). Most of them appeared in some of Mr. Charles Dickens's magazines, and the editor very properly affixes a preface to this collection of his contributor's verses. We are by no means sure that such a collection of little fugitive pieces—always pretty and graceful, and some of them betraying considerable powers—is not the right thing for a gift-book. Good second-class poetry has its place, and that an important one, in the world. It is not given to all readers to appreciate the very highest poetry; and young ladies, after all, may get more which their mental powers can assimilate out of Mrs. Hemans and Miss Procter than out of Tennyson and Shelley. The woodcuts are, for once, not by the well-known book illustrators; Fröhlich, Dobson, and Carrick are new to this work. Illustrating is fatally seductive to artists; but buyers have no reason to complain that the first men are now employed, as in this case, on gift-books.

Mr. Dickens, we think, did not so much invent an especial form of story-telling, but was rather the first to apply a very old method to Christmas literature. He gives us, not a Christmas book, but a Christmas number of a regular magazine. *Household Words* and *Once a Week* always put out their Christmas number. The trick is to get hold of some connecting thread, and to hang on it a set of separate stories, a device which may be traced to the *Decamerone*, and is probably of Eastern origin. It has usually come to pass that the thread is more valuable than the pearls; at least Mr. Dickens, clever in finding a foil to himself, contrives always to write an admirable framework for his Christmas number, which however often consists of most unreadable tales. *Chambers's Journal* follows the usual lead; and its set of stories, *Waiting for the Host*, is an excellent specimen of its class. The solemn Russell Square dinner is a most ingenious, because most unreasonable and grotesque, incident on which to display the antics of a set of con-trasted story-tellers.

The veteran, and we believe original, producers of *Diaries* suited to all sorts and conditions of men, and women too—Messrs. Letts, of the Royal Exchange—exhibit their usual activity and punctuality. Winter has its leaves much as those of autumn, and, from what at City dinners are called the merchant princes down to the school-boy, here are *Diaries* for them all, of every size, price, and special suitability. Among the materials for social history, diaries of the old time were the most valuable. Supposing that the diaries of our time are ever disinterred by that abominable New Zealander, he will have no lack of materials for the personal history of the nineteenth century. Seriously, however, diary is a necessity of something more than idleness; our wives may—and they might chronicle worse things—jot down the daily dinners, or the barometrical state of the marital temper. But a diary proved to be uncooked is good evidence as to facts and dates in a court of law. So let everybody arm himself with a very useful Letts or a pretty and useful De La Rue.

*Pen and Pencil Sketches from the Poets* (Nimmo) suggest the question why these Christmas books should be so artfully alliterative in their titles. It is a phenomenon we prefer to note rather than to account for. The extracts in this collection present no claim to novelty; but the artists are new to us. They seem to be all Scotchmen, and not one of them but exhibits marked powers. The woodcutters are also all Scotchmen; so is the printer, so is the publisher. The volume is a highly creditable one to Scotch taste, artistic feeling, and liberality, and to everybody concerned in its production.

But though Mr. Nimmo shows that he can follow, and following, can rival, an English hint in producing Christmas books, he shows also that an Edinburgh publisher can be original. The *Gems of Literature* combine elegant extracts from the prose writers as well as from the poets; Burke on Marie Antoinette, and the like famous classical passages. This is not a bad thought. The illustrations are hardly so good as in the volume we have just mentioned; and there is a stilted preface; but the extracts are well chosen, and show taste in the anthologist.

From the same publisher we have two musical annuals, the *National Melodist* and the *Scottish Melodist*, both of which describe themselves. The music is arranged by Keiser. To the famous Scotch songs, such as the "Flowers of the Forest," the author's name ought to have been given. Most of them are well known.

*Munchausen's Travels* is really the book for Gustave Doré. The eccentric and extravagant Frenchman is surely more at home here than in illustrating Scripture; and we have to congratulate Messrs. Cassell on the publication of an edition of *Munchausen* which is a true *livre de luxe*, as regards size, paper, print, and pictures. The collection of astounding and magnificent mendacity which passes under the name of *Munchausen*, though originally written to ridicule Baron de Tott, is for the most part a compilation dating from Lucian downwards, and incorporating many mediæval hits. Some uncertainty rests upon the authorship.

*John Gilpin* (Nimmo) is a good staring coarsely-coloured edition with original illustrations, which originality smells here and there of Stothard.

Sampson Low, Son, & Marston publish a whole library of Baby books—an octupla, to dignify it with a sonorous title. The running title is *Great Fun*, and good nursery high jinks they seem to be. If we were to say we had read this little library, nobody would believe us. But we have looked at them, and they are full of sensible broad-coloured prints, not badly drawn, but certainly boldly coloured. And this is what children want, and, when they get, delight in.

*Elijah*, a poem by Washington Moon (Hatchard), is the work of

a writer known as a disputant with Dean Alford. He is stronger in prose than in poetry. *Elijah* is a long level composition, full of good religious purpose, but somewhat deficient in the higher requisites of an epic. In short, it is good and dull.

*Nursery Rhymes* (Nelson) is a pretty little collection—words, tunes, pictures, and all. It will not bear comparison with Dyce's famous collection published years ago by Burns, but the present is a portable and complete edition.

In the *Juvenile Verse and Picture Book* (Warne) we have a miscellaneous collection—"John Gilpin," the "Beggar's Petition," and such like familiar pieces. The artists are of the first rank, such as Tenniel and W. B. Scott. We have some sort of impression that we have seen some of these drawings before; but if they are, as in this volume, good, we make no objection to their second appearance.

*In and Out of School* (Warne) is a whole gallery of boys and girls, good, bad, and indifferent—Theophrastus in the school-room. These are character drawings—Idle Boy, Meek Boy, Dirty Girl, and the like. The artist is Mr. Absolon, and he is more successful than the poet who writes jingling verses to the pictures.

A pleasant variety among these "juvenile" books is a French one, *Le Livre de mes Petits-Enfants* (Hachette). The writer is M. Delaplène, the artist M. Giacomelli. We must in Paternoster Row look to our laurels, for if "toned" paper, abundant wood-cutting (and of the best class too), and great fancy and variety in the artist are elements of success, we here have them all. What if, after all, we should be obliged to import not only our railway-engines and our roast-beef from France, but our Christmas books too? This would at last be that downfall of England, and triumph of wooden shoes, which the Protectionists used to prognosticate.

*The Hatchet Throwers* (J. C. Hotten) is a Munchausen sort of book, satirizing, we suspect, African travellers in general, and M. du Chaillu in particular. It is very comic and odd. The drawings are by M. Ernest Griset, the artist, unless we are mistaken, whose very powerful but eccentric sketches, exhibited in a shop near Leicester Square, have attracted some attention.

*Delail's Illustrated Arabian Nights* (Ward & Lock) is a handsome and attractive volume. We cannot be quite certain whether this is its first appearance; but, if it is an old friend, it will bear a new introduction to book-buyers. Though not aiming at the linguistic and Oriental propriety of Mr. Lane's famous translation, we are not sure that the old translation (which this is) is not better for general purposes. The familiar mouth-filling words Camaralzaman and Zobeide are, after all, pleasanter than pure Arabic, and we certainly prefer these illustrations to those by Harvey in Lane's edition. We do not know, for general purposes, so good an edition as this.

*Don Quixote* (Warne) is Jervis's old translation, with new illustrations. After Stothard in the famous four-volume library edition, now half a century old, and after Doré, it is a hazardous task which Mr. Houghton has set himself. He acquits himself, however, respectably, and for a single-volume edition we can recommend this highly.

Hogg had the ill-luck to be over-appreciated in his life, and the result has been that he is depreciated now. In the works of the *Ettrick Shepherd* (Blackie) we have a handsome volume, of Scottish Scottish—publisher, printer, author, artists, and scenery, all Scottish of course. The author of the *Queen's Wake* deserves this elevation into a Scotch classic; and many of the illustrations by Mr. Hill are first-rate. There is a companion volume of Hogg's *Prose Works* by the same publisher, and with the same class of illustrations. But it was rather a *mauvaise plaisanterie* on Wilson's part to let Hogg get the impression that he really was a great tale-writer.

*Little Lily's Alphabet* (Warne), illustrated by Oscar Reisch, introduces us to a new name, but the drawings are full of that quaint grim humour in which the Teutonic mind excels. The rhymes are certainly babyish enough.

Mr. Hood—or, as he prefers to be called, Tom Hood—would do a great deal better if he did not do so much. He is the most prolific producer and purveyor of the grotesque; and, considering the amount of what he turns off, it is quite a wonder that it is so good. His *Jingles and Jokes* (Casell) are really clever; and some of the sketches very laughter-provoking.

Dr. Boyd rather took folks in with his *Recreations of a Country Parson* (Longmans). The trick of the English Rector's life was, however, so well caught by the ingenious Presbyterian that few people complained of the pleasant little joke that had been played upon them. Magazine papers originally, there is in them just that amount of philosophy brought down to the general comprehension, and easy fluent moralizing, which is sure to be popular. It is quite right to reprint and to illustrate these agreeable little essays; they are of the true Christmas ring, good-tempered, light, and easy of digestion.

In mentioning the *Atlantic Telegraph*, by Dr. Russell (Day & Son), we owe something of an apology to the writer for bringing into this class what is really a very curious and instructive memorial of a chapter in scientific history. But if the writer will present his work under such very pictorial auspices, he must take the consequences of having that set down for a picture-book, or gift-book, which is, in fact, much more important. But we rank Dr. Russell very far above his illustrator. The sketches are rather stagey and sensational, but the writing is able, sensible, and clear.

On the lowest rung of the Christmas ladder stand the Infant Books. Here is an innovation. *The Jolly Old Man* is a quaint adaptation of a gutta percha face which does duty somehow to

many bodies and many rhymes (Dean). *The House that Jack Buile* (Ward & Lock) we notice as an odd illustration of the prevailing taste, inasmuch as the "House" is fifteenth century, all gabled, crocketed, mullioned and porched proper, quite after Mr. G. G. Scott's heart. *Cock Robin*, *Mother Hubbard*, from the same publishers, have good sensible coloured prints and excellently drawn ones. *Joseph and his Brethren* (Warne) are quite true to Egyptian papyri and tomb-painting, or at least meant to be true. *The Comical Cat*, the *Children in the Wood*, and seven or eight others, are published by Nelson, all rejoicing in good bold well-coloured pictures. Among them we notice a set of *Nursery Rhymes*, in which the old version is done into modern genteel English, with a moral and practical purpose—a vile mistake.

*Little Songs for Me to Sing* (Casell) can scarcely escape the greatest popularity. Henry Leslie—he of the famous choir—does the music; Mr. Millais himself does the picture. If a cynic would say that both might have been better employed, the children who have to sing these little songs cannot complain if such great men cater for them.

(To be continued.)

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE fifth volume of Gregorovius's great work\* comprises the history of Rome, and consequently the most interesting part of the history of Europe, in the thirteenth century. The commencement of this epoch is marked by the splendid Pontificate of Innocent III., under whom the Papacy reached the culminating point of its greatness. The supposed divine institution, however, was doomed to prove its human origin by its submission to the laws that usually regulate human affairs. The period of consummate triumph was also that of incipient decline. For a time this was scarcely observable; but the failure of Boniface VIII., when he attempted to revive the policy of Innocent, proved at last that the world had not been standing still. The interval, except for the great contest between the Popes and the Hohenstaufen emperors, in which the latter experienced the fate of all who are too much in advance of their age, was occupied by those furious but petty struggles between the Pope and the citizens of Rome which indirectly contributed so much to the downfall of the Papacy by driving the Pontiffs into France. The historical portion of Herr Gregorovius's volume concludes with this fatal secession, the effect of which was for a time to render the Popes vassals of the French monarch, and to prepare the way for the great schism of the fourteenth century. The merits of the work continue as great as ever. It is a model of vigorous historical portraiture, clear flowing narrative, and exhibits, without prolixity or obscurity, the fruits of vast reading and research.

The German population of Transylvania† presents the phenomenon of a branch of the Teutonic family isolated for centuries from the main stock, and subjected to the greatest variety of foreign influences, without losing its nationality. An accurate inquiry into the modifications thus occasioned in its language and character would possess an interest much beyond the merely antiquarian. Unfortunately, the materials are most imperfect—partly from the nature of the case, partly from long neglect, partly from the two centuries of desolating contests between the Austrians and Turks, during which the condition of the country resembled that of Abyssinia rather than that of a European State, and which not only destroyed most of what literature existed, but prevented any addition being made to the stock. No attempt to investigate Transylvanian history or philology seems to have been made till the middle of last century. At present, however, the country shares fully in the remarkable intellectual renovation of Eastern Europe, and the writers whose works are now before us are only two out of several who are industriously emulating the scholars of the neighbouring nationalities. Herr Schuster edits the popular songs of the country, including proverbs, riddles, charms, and nursery rhymes. These are generally in a sadly fragmentary condition. Herr Müller disinters from the mustiest documents the fossilized remains of language in the shape of charters, inventories, recipes—even mere catalogues of proper names. In these the language is comparatively classical, while the fragments of ballads, preserved and disfigured by oral tradition, are often almost unintelligible. The difficulty of understanding them is enhanced through the peculiarities of pronunciation being represented by an orthography approximating to the Magyar. It is sometimes hard to say whether we are reading German or Hungarian. Herr Müller seems to think that his philological results discredit the received tradition of the Saxon origin of the Transylvanian Germans, the High German character of the language being too developed for the Low German dialect of Saxony at the time when the emigration must have taken place.

It is fortunate that the life of Carl Gustav Carus‡ is an autobiography. What might perhaps have appeared diffuse in a narrative couched in the third person is here perfectly in place, and pleases as the amiable garrulity of a serene and contented old age. It is a sunset-piece, where every detail appears chastened

\* *Geschichte der Stadt Rom im Mittelalter*. Von Ferdinand Gregorovius. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Siebenbürgisch-sächsische Volkslieder*. Mit Anmerkungen und Abhandlungen herausgegeben von F. W. Schuster. Hermannstadt: Steinhausen. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Deutsche Sprachdenkmäler aus Siebenbürgen*. Gesammelt von F. Müller. Hermannstadt: Steinhausen. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Lebenserinnerungen und Denkwürdigkeiten*. Von C. G. Carus. Theil 1, 2. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.



and mellowed in the sober light of retrospect. From admiring the freshness of spirit retained by the venerable philosopher after a laborious scientific career, we are insensibly led to associate ourselves with his enthusiasm in his pursuits, his glee at his discoveries, his complacency at the honours these obtained for him, his tender reminiscences of his friendships, his analysis of the influences that fixed his lot and moulded his character. It is, in a word, a beautiful and unassuming piece of self-portraiture. What is most truly admirable is Carus's versatility, and susceptibility to influences lying far beyond the range of his peculiar walk in science. He records the development of his powers of appreciating music with the most ardent enjoyment, and may almost be suspected of rating his landscapes above his anatomy. This will surprise no one who is acquainted with his works, and is consequently aware how a poetical spirit informs, and copious illustration supplements, details merely technical; but it contrasts strongly with the character of other men of no small scientific pretensions, but indifferent to everything beyond their own particular walk. The record of such a life is not likely to be very rich in incident, but there is great animation in the descriptions of tours to Switzerland and the island of Rugen; and Goethe, Tieck, and other remarkable personages are introduced in a very interesting manner.

The biographer of General Scharnhorst\* has had rather a difficult task, not because Scharnhorst's career does not well deserve to be recorded, but because the great work of his life was accomplished almost in secret, and it is difficult to disentangle his action from that of a crowd of meritorious contemporaries. Scharnhorst's glory is to have borne the chief share in reorganizing the Prussian army after the battle of Jena, and fitting it for the memorable part it bore in the overthrow of Napoleon. This task required to be executed with the utmost discretion, to avoid arousing the jealousy of the French Government; and even if we possessed the details of the immense administrative labour it involved, their interest would bear no proportion to their importance. Scharnhorst only appeared twice with any prominence on the field of battle, and each time he was unfortunate. The first was at Jena, the second at the disadvantageous opening of the campaign of 1813. A wound, at first considered slight, terminated his career on the latter occasion. His military character is easily appreciated from the details here given. He belonged to that indispensable, but not brilliant, species of officer of which Generals Halleck and McClellan have recently presented conspicuous examples—whose theoretical knowledge of strategy is perfect, whose grasp of all the details of military organization is complete, but who betray a lack of readiness and promptitude in carrying out the campaign they have conceived, and handling the army they have created. He was removed when his peculiar work had been accomplished, and the instrument he had forged was wielded with more energy by his successor Gneisenau. As a man and a patriot, no personage of the epoch stands higher than Scharnhorst.

The Life of Frederick the Great's consort† would have been very uninteresting but for the neglect with which she was treated by her husband. This is exactly the one point on which her biographer, Pastor Ziethe, dare not enlarge; for a Prussian must not speak blasphemy. His narrative is consequently one of the most insipid productions we have ever seen—a fair specimen of the unctuous imbecility by which the orthodox pulpit of North Germany is usually characterized in these degenerate days.

A religious biography of a widely different character reaches us from Spain, of all countries in the world.‡ The late Dr. Gotthold Heine, it appears, obtained several MSS. during a visit to the Peninsula, one of which contained the remarkable proceedings now made public. Spain and Italy were by no means unaffected by the great religious movement of the early part of the sixteenth century, but with them its manifestations were sporadic. It is remarkable that, while the German and English Reformers were, for the most part, active, practical, and popular, their Southern brethren, with the remarkable exception of Savonarola, were quiet, contemplative, and ascetic. The former, overflowing with zeal, rushed out into the highways and hedges; the latter whispered their ideas to little coteries of congenial minds. In the former countries, the new doctrines disturbed the whole commonwealth, like a fever; in the latter, they broke out in little isolated spots, unlovely enough in the sight of orthodoxy, but speedily detected and extirpated by its vigilance. Such a deformity existed in the persons of the nun Francisca Hernandez and Ortiz, the most popular pulpit orator of his day. Francisca, the leading spirit of the two, appears to have been a woman of large heart and brain, whose fervent piety just kept on the right side of ecstasy. The character of Ortiz, like that of so many other popular preachers, partook largely of the feminine type; the secret of his power over others lay in his own emotional impressibility. He was captivated by Francisca so long as the spell of her presence lay upon him, but when tried by separation and imprisonment his patience, rather than his courage, gave way, and he recanted. He was allowed to end his days in peace, though under surveillance. What became of Francisca is not known, but probably she died in prison. The doctrine of the two was a species of quietism, bearing the strongest resemblance

to that afterwards professed by Madame Guyon. Nothing inconsistent with orthodoxy appears on the surface, but the Inquisitors were undoubtedly quite correct in discerning that it involved the rejection of all external authority. Dr. Boehmer's comments add much to the interest of the narrative.

Professor Schultz's\* essay on the Mosaic cosmogony, in its relation to modern science, is very interesting so long as he confines himself to the latter. His commentary is as laboured and sophistical as many others on the same subject.

St. Methodius† was a bishop and martyr about the beginning of the fourth century. He left sundry works behind him, which have never before been separately edited, and indeed hardly appear to possess any extraordinary value in themselves, but which are extremely curious as direct imitations of, indeed wholesale plagiarisms from, Plato. The editor of the present collection, in his appendix, *Methodius Platonizans*, has filled pages with the most unmistakable appropriations from most of the Platonic writings, displaying a thorough acquaintance with them, and certainly going far to show that the study of philosophy was by no means discouraged in the ancient Church. The most important of the remains of Methodius is a dialogue entitled *Symposium*, avowedly imitated from Plato's, and replete with the antique spirit in everything but the subject, which is the praise of virginity. It contains much curious lore respecting the mystic properties of numbers; and a long ode, not by any means devoid of poetic fervour, and which would be very interesting if we could suppose it to be anything like the Christian hymns mentioned by Pliny, which perhaps it is. The editor deplures, in his preface, that he is compelled to spend his time in a public office, which leaves him little opportunity for philological pursuits. Either this is an exaggerated statement of the matter, or this very elaborate edition must have been the labour of years. In either case we are glad to give additional publicity to his aspiration, "ut fautores mihi existant, qui munus meae laboribus adaptatum mihi deferendum curent, efficiantque, ut genio et studiorum deliciis indulgere possim, neque paginam aliquam faciam libri de infelicitate hominum litteratorum."

It is characteristic of the immense elaboration of modern science that vegetable physiology alone is now found to require a series of distinct treatises‡, and the co-operation of several investigators. The fourth volume of the present collection is devoted to the experimental branch of the subject, and is chiefly concerned with the organic processes that take place in plants, and the alterations of structure these occasion. It is consequently to some extent a chemical work.

Though not an original contribution to German literature, a translation of Brillat-Savarin's renowned *Physiologie du Gout*§ deserves notice, as the work of Herr Vogt, who possesses the faculty of infusing a strong dash of his own individuality into everything he touches. The leisure of the jovial, genial, and abusive materialist has been well, if oddly, employed in this excellent translation of an author who has nothing in common with him but the same lively appreciation of gastronomic merit.

A sketch of the painter Cornelius|| and his works by a Hungarian author, M. von Ormós, is interesting in itself, but particularly so from the situation of the author, and the point of view from which he is led to consider his subject. M. von Ormós is a, or rather the, Hungarian writer on art—the first man who has seriously dedicated himself to the propagation of artistic taste in that country. While the Hungarian intellect has developed with surprising rapidity in every other direction, painting and sculpture seem to have been hitherto almost entirely neglected. This cannot arise from any deficiency in the race, the picturesqueness of the national costumes being proverbial, but from isolation and want of encouragement. M. von Ormós himself seems to have been indifferent to the subject, till the temporary interruption of a busy political career by the persecutions of the police compelled him to sell his estate and emigrate to Italy. While there, his enthusiasm for art awoke, and he has since been continually travelling, studying, establishing relations with eminent artists, and enforcing his views on his countrymen at home. In this lecture, Cornelius is principally considered as the restorer of the national school of Germany, and regarded from this point of view, receives and deserves more applause than his works would perhaps have obtained on their own merits. The most important portion of the book is the preface of the translator, M. Kertbeny, who has rendered much Hungarian poetry into German. It contains so much historical information that what was professedly a contribution to the study of German painting has been virtually metamorphosed into a very fair synopsis of the history of art in Hungary.

The house of Weigel, so well known in connection with art publications, has produced two works of much interest to the connoisseur of prints. One is a biography of all the German painters who have also been engravers, from 1570 to 1800, accompanied

\* *Die Schöpfungsgeschichte nach Naturwissenschaft und Bibel.* Von F. W. Schultz. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

† *S. Methodii Opera et S. Methodius Platonizans.* Editio Albertus Jahnius. Halis Saxonum: Pfeffer. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Handbuch der Physiologischen Botanik, herausgegeben von W. Hofmeister.* Bd. 4. *Handbuch der Experimental-Physiologie der Pflanzen.* Von J. Sachs. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Physiologie des Geschmacks, oder Physiologische Anleitung zum Studium der Tafelgenüsse.* Von Brillat-Savarin. Übersetzt von Carl Vogt. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Peter von Cornelius, und seine Stellung zur modernen deutschen Kunst.* Aus dem Ungarischen übersetzt und eingeleitet von K. M. Kertbeny. Berlin: Parthey. London: Asher & Co.

\* *Scharnhorst's Leben.* Von O. F. Schweder. Berlin: Mittler. London: Asher & Co.

† *Elisabeth Christine, Gemahlin Friedrichs des Grossen. Ein christliches Lebensbild.* Von W. Ziethe. Berlin: Wiegand & Grieben. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Francisca Hernandez und Frai Francisco Ortiz. Aus Originalnotizen des Inquisitionstribunals zu Toledo dargestellt.* Von Eduard Böhm. Leipzig: Hessel. London: Williams & Norgate.

with very full descriptions of their works\*; the other is an equally comprehensive account of the works of the celebrated engraver, Cornelius Visscher.†

\* *Der Deutsche Peintre-Gravure, oder die deutschen Maler als Kupferstecher nach ihrem Leben und ihren Werken.* Von Andreas Andersen, unter Mitwirkung von R. Weigel. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Asher & Co.

† *Cornel Visscher. Verzeichniss seiner Kupferstiche.* Bearbeitet von J. Wussin. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Asher & Co.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In our article of last week on the Fenian Trials, we erroneously attributed to Mr. Butt language describing PIERCE NAGLE as "a living and incarnate liar—an informer of the blackest dye—a thrice-dyed liar and thrice-dyed traitor." The expressions were Mr. Dowse's, not Mr. Butt's.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN (OPERA COMPANY, Limited).**—First night of the new Comic Christmas Fantomine. On Boxing Night, December 20, Mr. C. DeWitt's New Opera, in 3 Acts, CHRISTMAS EVE. After which will be presented, on a scale of unprecedented splendour, a New Comic Christmas Fantomine, entitled ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP, or Harlequin and the Flying Palace. The Grand Transformation Scene, "The Wondrous Lamp of Day," invented and painted by Mr. T. Grieve. The First Morning Performance of the Fantomine will be given on Wednesday, December 27, at Two o'clock. Morning Performances will also take place every Wednesday and Saturday. The Box Office, under the direction of Mr. Edward Hall, is open from Ten till Five, where places may be secured in advance without charge for booking. Acting Manager, Mr. Edward Murray; Stage Manager, Mr. W. West.

**CRYSTAL PALACE.—This Day.—SATURDAY CONCERT AND PROMENADE.**—Palace lighted up, and Alhambra Court beautifully illuminated. Mr. Henry Smart's Cantata, THE BRIDE OF DUNKERRON. Sea Nymph, Mdm. Rudersdorf; the Lord of Dunkerron, Mr. Cummings; the Sea King, Mr. Lewis Thomas; Chorus of Sea Maidens, Yvonne, &c.—Conductor, Mr. Mann. Admission, 1s. 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.

**MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY,** in their Popular Entertainment A PECULIAR FAMILY. With MRS. ROSE-LEAF'S LITTLE EVENING PARTY, by Mr. John Parry (for a few times only). Every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight; Saturday Morning at Three. Admission, 1s., 2s., 3s., and 5s.—ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.

**MR. and Mrs. HOWARD PAUL (Last Week but One), at the** EGYPTIAN HALL, in their New Comic Entertainment, RIPPLES ON THE LAKE, with the "Living Photograph" of Mr. Sims Reeves in "Come into the Garden, Maud," and "White Daisy." Twelve Songs and Impromptus, including the "Dream of the Reverie." Every Night (except Saturdays) at Eight; and on Saturdays at Three. Performances on BOXING DAY, at Three and Eight. Stalls, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Commences at Eight.—The Entertainment will positively close in London, Thursday, December 29.

**WINTER EXHIBITION.—The Thirteenth Annual WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, the Contributions of British Artists, is now OPEN** at the French Gallery, 120 Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonnade.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

LEON LEFEVRE, Secretary.

**WINTER EXHIBITION, under the Superintendence of Mr. WATSON** removed from the French Gallery to the Society of British Artists' Gallery, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, is now OPEN from Nine until Five o'clock daily.—Admission, 1s.

**EXETER THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.** Visitor.—The Lord Bishop of EXETER. Council.—The Dean and Chapter of EXETER. Principal.—The Rev. R. C. FASOUE, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.—This College is designed for Graduates of the Universities who desire to prepare themselves for Ordination.—For particulars apply to the Rev. the Principal of the Theological College, the Close, Exeter.

**CHRIST'S COLLEGE, FINCHLEY, N.** Five Miles from the Regent's Park.

Warden.—Rev. T. B. WHITE, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge; Rector of Finchley.

Subwarden.—Rev. T. C. WHITEHEAD, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford.

There is a Large Staff of Resident Masters, principally Graduates of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. French and German are taught by Resident Foreign Masters. Pupils are prepared in the Upper School for the Universities, and for the Woolwich, Sandhurst, and all other Competitive Examinations. There is a Modern Department, in which attention is chiefly given to the ordinary subjects of an English Education and to Modern Languages. The Buildings are large and convenient, with excellent playgrounds and to modern school.

There are four Scholarships at £50 a year each, tenable at and only to the Pupils of the School.

The Year is divided into Three Terms, commencing about January 30th, April 25th, and September 15th.

Fees, payable in advance, is Guinea per Term. Medical Attendance, 10s. 6d. per Term. Play-fund, 7s. per Term. The only Extras are Books, Stationery, Instrumental Music, and actual Disbursements.

Applications to be made to the Rev. T. R. WATTS, Rector, Finchley, N.

**ECOLE DE SAINT GERMAIN-EN-LAYE, near Paris,**

France.—International Establishment for superior instruction, authorized by a Special Decree, dated December 15, 1863. Head-Master, Doctor BRANT, Academy of Paris.—The regular Course of Instruction comprises the Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, German, and English Languages, Mathematics (Arithmetic, Algebra, Euclid, Trigonometry, Conic Sections, Differential and Integral Calculus), Natural Sciences (Chemistry, Mechanics, Experimental Physics), History, Geography, Vocal Music, Drawing, Fencing, and Gymnastics.

Special Classes prepare Students for the Universities, the Army, the Navy, the Civil Service, and higher Mercantile Functions. Religious Instruction by the Incumbent of the English Church at Saint Germain-en-Laye. General Age of Admission, from Eight to Seventeen Years. The Year is divided into Three Terms, commencing January 5, April 20, and September 20. For Conditions of Admission and all further particulars apply to the Head-Master, 20 Rue de Polignac, Saint Germain-en-Laye, near Paris, France.

**NAVAL CADETS, &c.—EASTMAN'S**

R.N. ESTABLISHMENT, SOUTHEAST.

In April, Pupils passed as Naval Cadets took 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, &c. places.

In August, SIXTEEN Pupils passed as Naval Cadets, not one Pupil failing.

In December, FIFTEEN Pupils passed as Naval Cadets, taking 1st, 2nd, 5th, 7th, &c. places.

Of last 25 Pupils sent up for Examination as Naval Cadets, 31 passed.

The Pupils sent up in November to compete for Commissions in the Royal Marine Corps was SUCCESSFUL.

For every Information, address DR. SPENCER, 18, Abchurch Lane.

**WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, the UNIVER-**

**SITIES, and the CIVIL SERVICE.** The Rev. G. R. ROBERTS, M.A., late Fellow of Cor. Christi Coll., Cambridge, and late Professor and Examiner in the R.I.M. College at Addiscombe, prepares EIGHT PUPILS for the above, and will have Vacancies after Christmas.—Address, THE Limes, Crofton, S.

**THE INDIAN and HOME CIVIL SERVICES, Woolwich,**

Sandhurst, and the Line.—CLASSES for Pupils preparing for the above, Terms moderate.—Address, MATHEMATICS, 14 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

**INDIA CIVIL SERVICE.—CANDIDATES for the Civil**

Service of India are PREPARED for the Competitive Examination at the CIVIL SERVICE HALL, 15 Prince's Square, Baywater, W., by A. D. SPENCER, M.A., senior Lecturer of the highest standing. At each of the Examinations for the last seven Years, Students from the Civil Service Hall have taken very high places.—A Prospectus, giving Terms, References, List of Teachers, and Successful Candidates, will be forwarded on application.

**WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, the LINE, and the INDIAN**

**CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS.**—MR. WREN, M.A., Christ's College, Cambridge, assisted by a High Wrangler, a High Classic (late Fellow of his College), the Senior Scholar of his year at Cambridge for Moral Sciences, a Graduate and Gold Medalist of the University of London for Natural Science, and the best Masters obtainable for Modern and Oriental Languages, receives TWELVE RESIDENT PUPILS.—References to Parents of Successful Pupils.—Wiltshire House, St. John's Road, Brighton.

**THE Rev. J. J. MANLEY, M.A. (Etonian), Graduate in**

Honours, Oxford (1862), assisted by a resident Graduate in Mathematical Honours of Cambridge, receives SIX GENTLEMEN, to prepare them for the Universities or Bishop's Examinations. Vacancies after Christmas.—Address, Cotterill Rectory, Buntingford, Herts.

**PRIVATE TUITION.—A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, M.A.,** formerly Mathematical Master, Magdalen College School, Oxford, receives into his Parsonage, N. Devon, FIVE PUPILS, Two Vacancies after Christmas. Terms moderate.—Address, ALTONA, Post Office, South Molton, North Devon.

**PRIVATE TUITION.—The RECTOR of a Healthy Parish in** Suffolk (population only 200), Graduate in Honours of Oxford, and experienced in Tuition, assisted by a Resident Cambridge Wrangler and First Class Man, prepares a few PUPILS for the Universities, or Civil and Military Examinations. Terms, £150 per annum.—For references, &c., apply to M.A., Bellevue, Tonbridge Wells.

**TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.—A MARRIED** CLERGYMAN, living in a healthy Suburb which communicates with London by Railway, would receive into his House a YOUNG MAN engaged in Town during the day, and, if desired, give him instruction in the Evening.—Address, C. S., care of Mr. Lewis, Gower Street North, W.C.

**LEAMINGTON COLLEGE.—A CLASSICAL MASTER** will be required immediately after the Christmas Holidays. Salary £100.—For particulars, apply to the Rev. E. St. John Parrar, the College, Leamington, before December 21. Leamington, December 7, 1865.

**LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.—HIGH and COMMERCIAL** SCHOOLS.—The Directors desire to receive APPLICATIONS for the HEAD-MASTERSHIP of the above Schools. A minimum Salary of £200 per annum will be guaranteed. All candidates may be obtained by applying by letter to the Undersecretary, to whom Candidates are requested to send in their Applications, with copies of their Testimonials, on or before January 15, 1866. Liverpool, Dec. 11, 1865. ASTRUP CARISS, Secretary.

**LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.—Wanted, a GENTLEMAN** competent to fill the Office of SECRETARY of this Institution. Salary £200 per annum. Further information may be had of the Undersecretary, to whom Candidates are to send in their Applications, with copies of Testimonials, on or before the 30th instant. Dec. 6, 1865. ASTRUP CARISS, Secretary.

**BISHOP OF LONDON'S FUND.—Grants have been made for** 37 Churches; 16 Schools; 9 Parsonage Houses; and for the purchase of 28 Sites for such Buildings, either wholly or partially by means of this Fund. Of these 37 Churches, 16 have been completely rebuilt, and the works for the others have been begun as soon as sufficient Funds are raised. Of the Churches thus aided, 12 have already been endowed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

The Grants for Churches amount to £41,000; for Schools to £26,500; for Parsonages to £1,600; and for the Purchase of Sites to £23,494. The Grants for Churches will provide, or assist in providing, 36,500 Church Seats, of which 24,000 will be free. It will be thus seen that the Fund is materially helping to overtake the arrears in the provision for the religious wants of the Diocese.

**MISSION WORK.**—In many of the larger and more deficient Parishes, Mission Districts, placed under the charge of Missionary Clergy, have been formed, which are intended, in all cases where it may seem desirable, to become heretofore independent Parishes, provided with Churches, Schools, Parsonage Houses, and endowed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The Mission District is in most cases the germ of the future settled Parish.

The total number of Mission Districts for which Grants have been made is 52. 30 Missionary Clergy and 25 Lay Agents are employed in these Mission Districts under Grants from the Fund. In 56 of these Districts, Grants have been made for either one or more of these objects—Sites, Buildings, Rent or Fittings of Mission Rooms:

St. Giles,	Victoria Docks,
St. George's,	Dalston,
St. James's,	Fentonville,
St. John's,	Spitalfields,
St. Luke's,	Greenwich,
St. Mark's,	Plumstead (3),
St. Martin's,	Woolwich (3),
St. Michael's,	Marylebone,
St. Nicholas,	Haverstock Hill (2),
St. Paul's,	West Ham (2),
St. Peter's,	Kennington Pottery (2),
St. Stephen's,	Haggerston,
St. Thomas's,	St. Clement's, and
St. Vincent's,	St. Andrew,
St. George's,	Shadwell,
St. James's,	Whitechapel (2),
St. John's,	Chelsea, St. Luke's,
St. Luke's,	Fiddington,
St. Mark's,	St. Luke, Berwick Street.

(N.B. The Numerals show the Number of Mission Districts in the Parish which are aided by the Fund.)

It is most important that the Committee should be enabled to secure Sites for the Permanent Church and School in Districts where Congregations and Schools have already been formed. The gift of Sites for these purposes will greatly assist the Committee in carrying out their Plans for the Permanent Church and School Buildings, and also for the other objects of the Mission Work, and for other purposes connected with the Mission Work, will in many cases remain part of the Permanent Parochial Organization.

The Committee most urgently need the general assistance of Owners of Land and Houses, of those engaged in Commerce and Trade, and of all whose residence in London draws together its large population, to enable them to accomplish the effort in which they are engaged.

Office, 46a Pall Mall.

**BISHOP OF LONDON'S FUND.—Annual Subscriptions, and**

Donations by Instalments, or in one Sum, will be appropriated according to the Will of the Donor, either to the General Fund, or to any of its Special Objects.

Subscriptions may be paid to Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, & Co., 16 St. James's Street; Messrs. Hoare & Co., 37 Fleet Street; Sir Samuel Scott, Bart., & Co., 1 Cavendish Square; Messrs. Coutts & Co., 59 Strand; Messrs. Barnett & Co., 63 Lombard Street; the Bank of England; or to Thomas Bodley, Esq., Secretary, at the Office, 46a Pall Mall.

Cheques sent to the Office should be crossed Herries & Co.; and Post-Office Orders should be crossed, and be made payable to the Secretary.

Office, 46a Pall Mall, W.

December, 1865.

**WORKING MEN'S COLLEGE BUILDING FUND.**

STATEMENT BY THE COUNCIL.

45 Great Ormond Street, December, 1865.

This College was founded in 1854. The Students are, for the most part, Working-men, and the Teachers are, in general, Members of the Universities and of different professions, or those who have themselves been Students in the College. Its purpose was and is to unite these Classes together by associating them in the common work of teaching and learning. It provides instruction at the smallest possible cost (the teaching being almost wholly unpaid) in the subjects with which it most concerns English citizens to be acquainted, and thus tries to place a liberal Education within the reach of Working-men.

In carrying out these objects we have had some measure of success. The number of Students was, at the end of the first term, 145; it is now 508. With the increase in the number of Students has come an increase in the number of Classes, and for some time past we have been sorely pressed for space.

We want chiefly three things—1. A room or rooms for the Art Department. (No department of our College has been more successful than that which has been founded on the first and second floors of the College.) 2. A moderate sized hall or room for General Meetings, Lectures, and social purposes, capable of containing some 200 or 400 persons. 3. A better room, or rooms than we have now got for the Art School. A room to contain a Museum, and serve as a Natural History class-room. 4. More small rooms for classes.

A site is already provided, the ground in the rear of the house (12,000 square feet in area) being the freehold property of the College. We are advised that such a building as the one we require can be well and substantially built in a plain but good style for about £3,000 to £3,500.

Financially, the College is self-supporting. For several years, thanks to the excellent administration of our funds by a Students' Finance Committee, the income from Students' fees has met our current expenditure, leaving a margin available for the reduction of our Mortgage Debt.

Considering the vast endowments which the benefactions of former ages have provided for the education of the people, endowments to which the wealthiest of us are the most indebted, it would be a disgrace to a wealthy metropolis like this if it were necessary to beg long at the present day for the inconsiderable sum we are now asking for. And the amount of labour and thought which is being voluntarily devoted to the undertaking, and by none more freely than by our Students, affords, we think, some guarantee that we shall not mispend what may be given us. Finally, though many a single purse might well defy our needs, we may perhaps especially commend them to those who would be willing to take part in the teaching of this and other Colleges if they were not prevented by professional and other avocations. Will they not share our work by helping us to develop it?

Signed, on behalf of the Council of Teachers,

F. D. MAURICE, Principal.

Contributions may be sent to the London and County Bank, Oxford Street Branch (at Working Men's College Account), to the Secretary, at the College (P.O. Orders to be payable to Thomas Bodley, Esq., or by Cheques payable to the order of the Treasurer, B. B. LORRENTZ, Esq., 4 Hare Court, Temple, or to any member of the Council of Teachers.

Donations to the amount of Three Hundred and Fifty Pounds have already been received or promised, including among others the following:—

	£	s.	d.
His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales	25	0	0
Rev. F. D. Maurice, Principal, from publication of Lectures on the	100	0	0
Suffragan	12	7	10
Ditto (proceeds of delivery of the same Lectures at the College)	5	0	0
John Stuart Mill, Esq., M.P.	5	0	0
Verney Lubbock, Esq.	21	0	0
Samuel Morley, Esq.	10	0	0
Arthur Cohen, Esq.	5	0	0
James Russell, Esq.	5	0	0
Francis Turner Palgrave, Esq.	5	0	0
A. Johnston, Esq.	5	0	0
John Lubbock, Esq.	5	0	0
Sir Thomas Phillips	1	0	0
Miss Caroline Fox	1	0	0
George Godwin, Esq., F.R.S.	1	0	0
Rev. Henry Sandford	1	0	0
Rev. J. L. Davies	10	0	0